

THE  
Man of Mode,  
OR,  
S<sup>R</sup> Fopling Flutter.  
A  
COMEDY.

Acted at the *Duke's Theatre*.

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By *George Etherege Esq;*

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LICENSED,

*June 3.*  
1676.

*Roger L'Estrange.*

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LONDON,

Printed by *J. Macock*, for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of  
the *Blow Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the  
*New Exchange*, 1676.

THE

2

Toppling Fluctuations

COMEDY

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the Blue Anchor in the Lower Market  
New Exchange, 1876.



TO HER  
Royal Highness  
THE  
DUCHESS.

*Madam,*



Oets however they may be modest otherwise, have always too good an opinion of what they write. The World when it sees this Play Dedicated to *Your Royal Highness*, will conclude, I have more than my share of that Vanity. But I hope the honour I have of belonging to You, will excuse my presumption. 'Tis the first thing I have produc'd in Your Service, and my Duty obliges me to what my Choice durst not else have aspir'd.

I am very sensible, *Madam*, how much it is beholding to Your Indulgence, for the success it had in the Acting, and Your Protection will be no less fortunate to it in the Printing; for all are so ambitious of making their Court to You, that none can be severe to what you are pleas'd to favour.

This universal submission and respect is due to the greatness of Your Rank and Birth; but You have other Illustrious Qualities, which are much more ingaging. Those wou'd but dazle, did not these really charm the Eyes and Understandings of all who have the Happiness to approach You.

Authors on these occasions are never wanting to publish a particular of their Patrons Virtues and Perfections; but *Your Royal Highness's* are so eminently known, that did I follow their Examples, I shou'd but paint those wonders here of which every one already has the Idea in his mind. Besides, I do not think it proper to aim at that in Prose, which is so glorious a subject for Verse; in which hereafter if I show more  
zeal

## DEDICATORY.

zeal than skill, it will not grieve me much,  
since I less passionately desire to be esteem'd  
a Poet, than to be thought,

*Madam,*

*Your Royal Highness's*

*Most humble, most obedient,*

*and most faithful Servant,*

**George Etherege.**

---

**Prologue**

PROLOGUE.

By Sir Car Scroope Baronet.

**L**ike Dancers on the Ropes poor Poets fare,  
Most perish young, the rest in danger are;  
This (one wou'd think) shou'd make our Authors wary,  
But Gamaster like the Giddy Fools miscarry.  
A lucky hand at two so tempts them on,  
They cannot leave off Play till they're undone.  
With modest Fears a Muse does first begin,  
Like a young Wench newly entic'd to Sin:  
But tickl'd once with praise by her good Will,  
The Wanton Fool wou'd never more lie still.  
'Tis an old Mrs. you'll meet here to night,  
Who ~~when you are~~ have lookt on with delight.  
But now of late such dirty Drabs have known yee,  
A Muse o'th' better sort's asham'd to own you.  
Nature well drawn and Wit must now give place  
To gawdy Nonsense and to dull Grimace;  
Nor is it strange that you shou'd like so much  
That kind of Wit, for most of yours is such.  
But I'm afraid that while to France we go,  
To bring you home Fine Dresses, Dance, and Show;  
The Stage like you will but more Foppish grow.  
Of Foreign Wares why shou'd we fetch the scum,  
When we can be so richly serv'd at home?  
Nor need'n be thank't 'tis not so wise an Age,  
But your own Follies may supply the Stage.  
Tho' often plow'd, there's no great Fear the soil  
Should Barren grow by the too frequent toil;  
While at your Doors are to be daily found,  
Such loads of Dunghil to manure the ground.

'Tis

'Tis by your Follies that we Players thrive,  
 As the Physicians by Diseases live.  
 And as each year some new distemper Reigns,  
 Whose friendly poison helps to increase their gains:  
 So among you, there starts up every day,  
 Some new unheard of Fool for us to Play.  
 Then for your own sakes be not too severe,  
 Nor what you all admire at home, Damn here.  
 Since each is fond of his own ugly Face,  
 Why shou'd you, when we hold it, break the Glass?

Lady Twink  
 Emilia  
 Mrs. Touch  
 Bellinda  
 Lady Woodville

Harriet her Daughter

*For great ambition which is the mother of all*

Waiting Women

**Dramatis**

Three Slowly Bullies  
 Two Chair-men  
 Mr. Smirk, a Parson  
 Pages, Footmen, &c.

THE



## Dramatis Personæ.

**Mr Dorimant,**

**Mr Medley,**

**Old Bellair,**

**Young Bellair,**

**Sir Fopling Flutter,**

**Lady Townley,**

**Emilia,**

**Mrs. Loveit,**

**Bellinda,**

**Lady Woodvil, and**

**Harriet her Daugh-**

**ter,**

**Pert,**

**and**

**Busy,**

**A Shoemaker.**

**An Orange-woman.**

**Three Slowenly Bullies.**

**Two Chair-men.**

**Mr Smirk, a Parson.**

**Handy, a Valet de Chambre.**

**Pages, Footmen, &c.**

**Gentlemen;**

**Gentlewomen.**

**Waiting Women.**

**THE**

(1)  
THE  
Man of Mode,  
O R,  
S<sup>R</sup> Fopling Flutter.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Dressing Room, a Table Covered with a Toilet,  
Cloaths laid ready.*

*Enter Dorimant in his Gown and Slippers, with a Note in  
his hand made up, repeating Verses.*

Dor. **N**OW for some Ages had the pride of Spain,  
Made the Sun shine on half the World in vain.  
[Then looking on the Note.

*For Mrs. Loveit.*

What a dull insipid thing is a Billet doux written in  
Cold blood, after the heat of the business is over?  
It is a Tax upon good nature which I have  
Here been labouring to pay, and have done it,  
But with as much regret, as ever Fanatick paid  
The Royal Aid, or Church Duties; 'Twill  
Have the same fate I know that all my notes  
To her have had of late, 'Twill not be thought  
Kind enough. Faith Women are i'the right  
When they jealously examine our Letters, for in them

We always first discover our decay of passion. —  
 Hay! — Who waits! —

*Enter Handy.*

*Handy.* Sir. —

*Dor.* Call a Footman.

*Handy.* None of 'em are come yet.

*Dor.* Dogs! will they ever lie snoring a Bed till Noon.

*Handy.* 'Tis all one, Sir: if they're up, you indulge 'em so,  
 They're ever poaching after Whores all the Morning.

*Dor.* Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his duty,  
 The next Clap he gets, he shall rot for an example.  
 What Vermin are those Chattering without?

*Handy.* Foggy Nan the Orange Woman,  
 And swearing Tom the Shoemaker.

*Dor.* Go; call in that over-grown Jade with the Flasket  
 Of Guts before her, fruit is refreshing in a Morning.

*It is not that I love you less  
 Than when before your feet I lay.*

[Exit Handy.]

[Enter Or. Wom.]

How now double Tripe, what news do you bring?

*Or. Wom.* News! Here's the best Fruit has come to Town  
 T'year, Gad I was up before Four a Clock this  
 Morning, and bought all the Choice i'the Market.

*Dor.* The nasty refuse of your Shop.

*Or. Wom.* You need not make mouths at it, I assure you  
 'Tis all cull'd ware.

*Dor.* The Citizens buy better on a Holiday in their  
 Walk to Totnam.

*Or. Wom.* Good or bad 'tis all one, I never knew you  
 Commend any thing, Lord wou'd the Ladies had  
 Heard you talk of 'em as I have done: here  
 Bid your Man give me an Angel.

[Sets down the Fruit]

*Dor.* Give the Bawd her Fruit again.

*Or. Wom.* Well, on my Conscience, there never was the  
 Like of you. God's my life, I had almost forgot  
 To tell you, there is a young Gentlewoman  
 Lately come to Town with her Mother, that is  
 So taken with you.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Is she handsome?

*Or. Wom.* Nay, Gad there are few finer Women I tell you  
But so, and a hugeous fortune they say. Here  
Eat this Peach, it comes from the Stone, 'tis  
Better than any *Newington* y'have tasted.

*Dor.* This fine Woman I'll lay my life [*taking the Peach.*  
Is some awkward ill fashion'd Country Toad, who  
Not having above Four Dozen of black hairs  
On her head, has adorn'd her baldness with  
A large white Friz, that she may look sparkishly  
In the Fore Front of the Kings Box, at an old Play.

*Or. Wom.* Gad you'd change your note quickly if you  
Did but see her.

*Dor.* How came she to know me?

*Or. Wom.* She saw you yesterday at the *Change*, she told  
Me you came and fool'd with the Woman  
At the next Shop.

*Dor.* I remember there was a Mask observ'd me indeed.  
Fool'd did she say?

*Or. Wom.* Ay, I vow she told me Twenty things you said  
Too, and acted with head and with her body  
So like you —

*Enter Medley.*

*Medley.* *Dorimant* my Life, my Joy, my darling-Sin; how  
Dost thou.

*Or. Wom.* Lord what a filthy trick these men have got of  
Kissing one another! [*She spits.*

*Med.* Why do you suffer this Cart-load of Scandal to  
Come near you, and make your Neighbours  
Think you so improvident to need a Bawd?

*Or. Wom.* Good now, we shall have it, you did but want  
Him to help you; come pay me for my Fruit.

*Med.* Make us thankful for it Huswife, Bawds are  
As much out of fashion as Gentlemen Ushers;  
None but old Formal Ladies use the one, and  
None but Foppish old Stagers employ the other,

Go you are an insignificant Brandy Bottle.

*Dor.* Nay, there you wrong her, three Quarts of Canary Is her business.

*Or. Wom.* What you please Gentlemen.

*Dor.* To him, give him as good as he brings.

*Or. Wom.* Hang him, there is not such another Heathen In the Town again, except it be the Shomaker without.

*Med.* I shall see you hold up your hand at the Bar Next Sessions for Murder, Hufwife; that Shomaker can take his Oath you are in Fee With the Doctors to sell green Fruit to the Gentry, - that the Crudities may breed Diseases.

*Or. Wom.* Pray give me my Money.

*Dor.* Not a penny, when you bring the Gentlewoman Hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

*Or. Wom.* The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman may be As honest as your Sisters for ought as I know. Pray pay me Mr. *Dorimant*, and do not Abuse me so, I have an honest way of living, You know it.

*Med.* Was there ever such a resty Bawd?

*Dor.* Some Jades tricks she has, but she makes amends When she's in good humour: Come, tell me the Ladies name, and *Handy* shall pay you.

*Or. Wom.* I must not, she forbid me.

*Dor.* That's a sure sign she wou'd have you.

*Med.* Where does she live?

*Or. Wom.* They lodge at my House.

*Med.* Nay, then she's in a hopeful way.

*Or. Wom.* Good Mr. *Medley* say your pleasure of me, but Take heed how you affront my House, God's my life, in a hopeful way!

*Dor.* Prithee peace, what kind of Woman's the Mother?

*Or. Wom.* A goodly grave Gentlewoman, Lord how She talks against the wild young men o' the Town; as for your part she thinks you an Arrant Devil, shou'd she see you, on my Conscience She wou'd look if you had got a Cloven foot.

*Dor.*



*Dor.* Does she know me?

*Or. Wom.* Only by hearsay, a Thousand horrid Stories  
Have been told her of you, and she  
Believes 'em all.

*Med.* By the Character, this should be the Famous  
Lady *Woodwill*, and her Daughter *Harriet*.

*Or. Wom.* The Devil's in him for guessing I think.

*Dor.* Do you know 'em.

*Med.* Both very well, the Mother's a great admirer of the  
Forms and Civility of the last Age.

*Dor.* An antiquated beauty may be allow'd to  
Be out of humour at the freedoms of the present.

This is a good account of the Mother, Pray  
What is the Daughter?

*Med.* Why, first she's an Heiress vastly rich.

*Dor.* And handsome?

*Med.* What alteration a Twelve-month may have  
Bred in her I know not, but a year ago  
She was the beautifullest Creature I ever saw;  
A fine, easie, clean shape, light brown  
Hair in abundance; her Features regular, her  
Complexion clear and lively, large wanton Eyes,  
But above all a mouth that has made  
Me kiss it a thousand times in imagination,  
Teeth white and even, and pretty pouting  
Lips, with a little moisture ever hanging on them  
That look like the Province Rose  
Fresh on the Bush, ere the Morning Sun has quite  
Drawn up the dew.

*Dor.* Rapture, meer Rapture!

*Or. Wom.* Nay, Gad he tells you true,  
She's a delicate Creature.

*Dor.* Has she Wit?

*Med.* More than is usual in her Sex, and as much malice.  
Then she's as wild as you wou'd wish her,  
And has a demureness in her looks that makes  
It so surprising.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Flesh and blood cannot hear this,  
And not long to know her.

*Med.* I wonder what makes her Mother bring her  
Up to Town, an old doating Keeper cannot  
Be more jealous of his Mistress.

*Or. Wom.* She made me laugh yesterday, there was  
A Judge came to visit 'em, and the old man  
She told me did so stare upon her, and when he  
Saluted her smack'd so heartily; who wou'd think  
It of 'em?

*Med.* God a-mercy Judge.

*Dor.* Do 'em right, the Gentlemen of the long Robe  
Have not been wanting by their good Examples  
To countenance the crying sin o' the Nation.

*Med.* Come, on with your Trappings, 'tis later than  
You imagine.

*Dor.* Call in the Shoemaker Handy.

*Or. Wom.* Good Mr. *Dorimant* pay me, Gad I had  
Rather give you my Fruit than stay to be  
Abus'd by that foul-mouth'd Rogue;  
What you Gentlemen say it matters not  
Much, but such a dirty Fellow does one more disgrace.

*Dor.* Give her Ten shillings, and be sure you tell  
The young Gentlewoman I must be  
Acquainted with her.

*Or. Wom.* Now do you long to be tempting this pretty  
Creature. Well, Heavens mend you.

*Med.* Farewell Bogg. ---- [*Exit. Or. Woman and Handy.*]

*Dorimant*, when did you see your  
*Pis aller* as you call her, Mrs. *Loveit*?

*Dor.* Not these two days.

*Med.* And how stand affairs between you?

*Dor.* There has been great patching of late, much  
Ado we make a shift to hang together.

*Med.* I wonder how her mighty Spirit bears it.

*Dor.* Ill enough on all Conscience, I never knew so  
Violent a Creature.

*Med.* She's the most passionate in her Love, and

The

The most extravagant in her Jealousie of  
Any Woman I ever heard of. What Note is that?

*Dor.* An excuse I am going to send her for the  
Neglect I am guilty of.

*Med.* Prithe read it.

*Dor.* No, but if you will take the pains you may.

*Medley reads:*

*Med.* I never was a Lover of business, but now I have a just  
Reason to hate it, since it has kept me these two days  
From seeing you. I intend to wait upon you in the  
Afternoon, and in the pleasure of your Conversation,  
Forget all I have suffer'd during this tedious absence.

This business of yours *Dorimant* has been  
With a Vizard at the Playhouse, I have  
Had an Eye on you. If some malicious body  
Shou'd betray you, this kind note wou'd hardly  
Make your peace with her.

*Dor.* I desire no better.

*Med.* Why, wou'd her knowledge of it oblige you?

*Dor.* Most infinitely; next to the coming to a good  
Understanding with a new Mistress,  
I love a quarrel with an old one, but the  
Devils in't, there has been such a calm in  
My affairs of late, I have not had the pleasure  
Of making a Woman so much as break  
Her Fan, to be sullen, or forswear her self  
These three days.

*Med.* A very great Misfortune, let me see, I love  
Mischief well enough, to forward this business  
My self I'll about it presently, and though I  
Know the truth of what y'ave done, will set her  
A raving, I'll heighten it a little with Invention,  
Leave her in a fit o' the Mother, and be here  
Again before y'are ready.

*Dor.* Pray stay, you may spare your self the Labour,  
The business is undertaken already by

One

One who will manage it with as much address, and I think with a little more Malice than you can.

*Med.* Who i'the Devils name can this be!

*Dor.* Why the Vizard, that very Vizard you saw Me with.

*Med.* Does she love mischief so well, as to betray Her self to spight another?

*Dor.* Not so neither, *Medley*, I will make you comprehend The mystery; this Masque for a farther Confirmation of what I have been these two days Swearing to her, made me yesterday at the Playhouse Make her a promise before her face, utterly to break off With *Loveit*, and because she tenders my reputation, And wou'd not have me do a barbarous thing, has Contriv'd a way to give me a handsom occasion.

*Med.* Very good.

*Dor.* She intends about an hour before me, this Afternoon, to make *Loveit* a visit, and (having The priviledge by reason of a profess'd Friendship Between 'em to talk of her Concerns)

*Med.* Is she a Friend?

*Dor.* Oh, an intimate Friend!

*Med.* Better and better, pray proceed.

*Dor.* She means insensibly to insinuate a Discourse of me, and artificially raise her Jealousie To such a height, that transported with the First motions of her passion, she shall fly Upon me with all the Fury imaginable, As soon as ever I enter; the Quarrel being Thus happily begun; I am to play my part, Confess and justifie all my Roguery, Swear her impertinence and ill humour makes Her intolerable, tax her with the next Fop That comes into my head, and in a huff March away, slight her and leave her To be taken by whosoever thinks it worth His time to lie down before her.

*Med.* This Vizard is a spark, and has a Genius that

Makes

Makes her worthy of your self, *Dorimant*.

*Enter Handy, Shoemaker, and Footman.*

*Dor.* You Rogue there, who sneak like a Dog that  
Has flung down a Dish, if you do not mend  
Your waiting i'lle uncase you, and turn you  
Loose to the Wheel of Fortune. *Handy,*  
Seal this and let him run with it presently.

*[Exit. Handy and Footman.]*

*Med.* Since y'are resolv'd on a Quarrel, why do  
You send her this kind note?

*Dor.* To keep her at home in order to the business.  
How now you drunken Sot.?

*[To the Shoemaker.]*

*Shoom.* 'Zbud, you have no reason to talk, I have  
Not had a Bottle of Sack of yours in my Belly  
This Fortnight.

*Med.* The *Orange Woman* says, your Neighbours take  
Notice what a Heathen you are, and  
Design to inform the Bishop, and have you burn'd  
For an Atheist.

*Shoom.* Damn her, Dunghill, if her Husband does  
Not remove her, she stinks so, the Parish  
Intend to indite him for a Nuisance.

*Med.* I advise you like a Friend, reform your  
Life, you have brought the envy of the World  
Upon you, by living above your self.  
Whoring and Swearing are Vices too gentle  
For a Shoemaker.

*Shoom.* 'Zbud, I think you men of quality will grow  
As unreasonable as the Women; you wou'd  
Ingross the sins o' the Nation; poor Folks  
Can no sooner be wicked; but th' are rail'd  
At by their Betters.

*Dor.* Sirrah, I'll have you stand i'the Pillory  
For this Libel.

*Shoom.* Some of you deserve it, I'm sure, there  
Are so many of 'em, that our Journey-men now adays



Instead of harmless Ballads, sing nothing  
But your damn'd Lampoons.

*Dor.* Our Lampoons you Rogue?

*Shoom.* Nay, Good Master, why shou'd not you  
Write your own Commentaries as well as *Cesar*?

*Med.* The Raskal's read, I perceive.

*Shoom.* You know the old Proverb, Ale and History.

*Dor.* Draw on my Shooes, Sirrah.

*Shoom.* Here's a Shooe.

*Dor.* Sits with more wrinkles than there are  
In an Angry Bullies Forehead.

*Shoom.* 'Zbud, as smooth as your Mistresses skin  
Does upon her, so, strike your foot in home.

'Zbud if e're a Monsieur of 'em all

Make more fashionable Ware, I'll be content

To have my Ears whip'd off with my own  
Paring Knife.

*Med.* And serv'd up in a Ragoust, instead of  
Coxcombs to a Company of French Shoomakers  
For a Collation.

*Shoom.* Hold, hold, damn 'em Catterpillars, let 'em  
Feed upon Cabbage; Come Master, your health  
This Morning next my heart now.

*Dor.* Go, get you home, and govern your Family better;  
Do not let your Wife follow you to the  
Alehouse, beat your Whore, and lead you  
Home in Triumph.

*Shoom.* 'Zbud, there's never a man i' the Town lives more like  
A Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do.

I never mind her motions, she never inquires

Into mine, we speak to one another Civilly,

Hate one another heartily, and because 'tis vulgar

To lie and soak together, we have each of us

Our several Settle-bed.

*Dor.* Give him half a Crown.

*Med.* Not without he will promise to be bloody drunk.

*Shoom.* Tope's the word i' the Eye of the World for my  
Masters honour *Robin*.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Do not debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

*Shoom.* I only tip him the wink, he knows an Alehouse from a Hovel. [Exit Shoomaker.]

*Dor.* My Cloaths quickly.

*Med.* Where shall we dine to day? [Enter Bellair.]

*Dor.* Where you will; here comes a good Third man.

*Bell.* Your Servant Gentlemen.

*Med.* Gentle Sir; how will you answer this Visit to your honourable Mistress? 'tis not Her interest you shou'd keep Company With men of sence, who will be talking reason.

*Bell.* I do not fear her pardon, do you but Grant me yours, for my neglect of late.

*Med.* Though y'ave made us miserable by the Want of your good Company; to show you I am free from all resentment, may the Beautiful cause of our misfortune, Give you all the Joys happy Lovers Have shar'd ever since the World began.

*Bell.* You wish me in Heaven, but you believe Me on my Journey to Hell.

*Med.* You have a good strong Faith, and that may contribute Much towards your Salvation. I confess I am But of an untoward constitution, apt to have Doubts and scruples, and in Love they are no less Distracting than in Religion; were I so near Marriage, I shou'd cry out by Fits as I ride In my Coach, Cuckold, Cuckold, with no less fury than The mad Fanatick does Glory in *Bethlem*.

*Bell.* Because Religion makes some run mad, Must I live an Atheist?

*Med.* Is it not great indiscretion for a man Of Credit, who may have money enough on His Word, to go and deal with Jews; who for Little sums make men enter into Bonds, And give Judgments?

*Bell.* Preach no more on this Text, I am

Determin'd, and there is no hope of my Conversion.

*Dor.* Leave your unnecessary fiddling; a Wasp  
That's buzzing about a Mans Nose at  
Dinner, is not more troublesome than thou art:

[*To Handy who is fiddling about him.*]

*Hand.* You love to have your Cloaths hang just, Sir.

*Dor.* I love to be well dress'd Sir: and think it  
No scandal to my understanding.

*Hand.* Will you use the Essence or Orange Flower Water?

*Dor.* I will smell as I do to day, no offence  
To the Ladies Noses.

*Hand.* Your pleasure Sir.

*Dor.* That a mans excellency should lie in  
Neatly tying of a Ribbond, or a Crevat! how  
Careful's nature in furnishing the World  
With necessary Coxcombs!

*Bell.* That's a mighty pretty Suit of yours *Dorimant*.

*Dor.* I am glad 't has your approbation.

*Bell.* No man in Town has a better fancy in  
His Cloaths than you have.

*Dor.* You will make me have an opinion of my Genius.

*Med.* There is a great Critick I hear in these matters  
Lately arriv'd piping hot from *Paris*.

*Bell.* Sir *Fopling Flutter* you mean.

*Med.* The same.

*Bell.* He thinks himself the Pattern of modern  
Gallantry.

*Dor.* He is indeed the pattern of modern Foppery.

*Med.* He was Yesterday at the Play, with a pair of Gloves  
Up to his Elbows, and a Periwig more exactly Curl'd  
Then a Ladies head newly dress'd for a Ball.

*Bell.* What a pretty lisp he has!

*Dor.* Ho that he affects in imitation of the people of  
Quality of *France*.

*Med.* His head stands for the most part on one side,  
And his looks are more languishing than  
A Ladys when she loll's at stretch in her  
Coach, or leans her head carelessly against the

Side of a Box i'the Playhouse.

*Dor.* He is a person indeed of great acquir'd Follies.

*Med.* He is like many others, beholding to his Education for making him so eminent a Coxcomb; many a Fool had been lost To the World, had their indulgent Parents Wisely bestow'd neither Learning nor Good breeding on 'em.

*Bell.* He has been, as the sparkish word is, Brisk Upon the Ladies already, he was yesterday At my Aunt *Townleys*, and gave Mrs. *Loveit* a Catalogue of his good Qualities, Under the Character of a Compleat Gentleman, Who according to Sir *Fopling*, ought to dress well, Dance well, Fence well, have a genius for Love Letters, An agreeable voice for a Chamber, Be very Amorous, something discreet, But not over Constant.

*Med.* Pretty Ingredients to make an accomplisht Person.

*Dor.* I am glad he pitcht upon *Loveit*.

*Bell.* How so?

*Dor.* I wanted a Fop to lay to her Charge, and this Is as pat as may be.

*Bell.* I am confident she loves No man but you.

*Dor.* The good fortune were enough to make me vain, But that I am in my nature modest.

*Bell.* Hark you *Dorimant*, with your leave Mr. *Medley*, 'Tis only a secret concerning a fair Lady.

*Med.* Your good breeding Sir gives you too much trouble, You might have whisper'd without all this Ceremony.

*Bell.* How stand your affairs with *Bellinda* of late?

[To *Dorimant*.]

*Dor.* She's a little Jilting Baggage.

*Bell.* Nay, I believe her false enough, but She's ne're the worse for your purpose; she was

With

With you yesterday in a disguise at the Play.

*Dor.* There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak  
To one another more.

*Bell.* The Occasion?

*Dor.* Want of Courage to meet me at the place appointed.  
These young Women apprehend loving, as much  
As the young men do fighting at first ;  
But once enter'd, like them too, they all  
Turn Bullies straight.

[Enter Handy to Bellair.

*Handy.* Sir: Your man without desires to speak with you.

*Bell.* Gentlemen, i'll return immediately. [Exit Bellair.

*Med.* A very pretty Fellow this.

*Dor.* He's Handsome, well bred, and by much the most  
Tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit.

*Med.* Ever well dress'd, always complaisant, and  
Seldom impertinent ; you and he are grown  
Very intimate I see.

*Dor.* It is our mutual interest to be so ; it  
Makes the Women think the better of his  
Understanding, and judge more favourably of my  
Reputation ; it makes him pass upon some for  
A man of very good sense, and I upon others for a  
Very civil person.

*Med.* What was that whisper ?

*Dor.* A thing which he wou'd fain have known,  
But I did not think it fit to tell him ;  
It might have frighted him from his honourable  
Intentions of Marrying.

*Med.* Emilia, give her her due, has the best reputation  
Of any young Woman about the Town ; who  
Has beauty enough to provoke detraction ; her Carriage  
Is unaffected, her discourse modest, not at all censorious,  
Nor pretending like the Counterfeits of the Age.

*Dor.* She's a discreet Maid, and I believe nothing can  
Corrupt her but a Husband.

*Med.* A Husband ?

*Dor.* Yes, a Husband ; I have known many Women make  
A difficulty of losing a Maidenhead, who

Have



Have afterwards made none of making a Cuckold.

*Med.* This prudent consideration I am apt to think  
Has made you confirm poor *Bellair* in the  
Desperate resolution he has taken.

*Dor.* Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, in  
The state she was in; has made me by my  
Advice, contribute something towards the  
Changing of her condition. [Enter *Bellair*.

Dear *Bellair*, by Heavens  
I thought we had lost thee; men in love  
Are never to be reckon'd on when we wou'd  
Form a Company.

*Bell.* *Dorimant*, I am undone, my man has brought  
The most surprising news i'the World.

*Dor.* Some strange misfortune is befalln your love.

*Bell.* My Father came to Town last night, and  
Lodges i'the very House where *Emilia* lies.

*Med.* Does he know it is with her you are in love?

*Bell.* He knows I love, but knows not whom, without  
Some officious Sot has betray'd me.

*Dor.* Your Aunt *Townly* is your Confidant, and favours  
The business.

*Bell.* I do not apprehend any ill office from her,  
I have receiv'd a Letter, in which I am commanded  
By my Father to meet him at my Aunts this Afternoon;  
He tells me farther he has made a match for me, and bids  
Me resolve to be obedient to his Will, or expect to  
Be disinherited.

*Med.* Now's your Time, *Bellair*, never had Lover such  
An opportunity of giving a generous proof of his passion.

*Bell.* As how I pray?

*Med.* Why hang an Estate, marry *Emilia* out of hand,  
And provoke your Father to do what he threatens;  
'Tis but despising a Coach, humbling your self  
To a pair of Goshaws, being out of countenance  
When you meet your Friends, pointed at and pyed  
Wherever you go by all the Amorous Pops  
That know you, and your fame will be immortal.

*Bell.* I

*Bell.* I cou'd find in my heart to resolve not to marry at all.

*Dor.* Fie, fie, that would spoil a good jest, and disappoint  
The well-natur'd Town of an occasion of laughing at you.

*Bell.* The storm I have so long expected, hangs  
Ore my head, and begins to pour down upon me;  
I am on the Rack, and can have no rest till I'm  
Satisfy'd in what I fear; where do you dine?

*Dor.* At *Longs*, or *Lockets*.

*Med.* At *Longs* let it be.

*Bell.* I'll run and see *Emilia*, and inform my self  
How matters stand; if my misfortunes are not  
So great as to make me unfit for Company,  
I'll be with you.

[Exit *Bellair*.

*Enter a Footman with a Letter.*

*Footm.* Here's a Letter Sir.

[To *Dorimant*.

*Dor.* The Superscription's right; For Mr. *Dorimant*.

*Med.* Let's see the very scrawl and spelling of a  
True bred Whore.

*Dor.* I know the hand, the stile is admirable I assure you.

*Med.* Prethee read it.

*Dor.*

*Reads.*

*I told a you you dud not love me, if you dud,  
You wou'd have seen me again e're now; I  
Have no money and am very Mallicolly;  
Pray send me a Gwynie to see the Operies.*

Your Servant to Command,

*Molly.*

*Med.* Pray let the Whore have a favourable  
Answer, that she may spark it in a Box,  
And do honour to her profession.

*Dor.* She shall; and perk up i'the face of quality.

Is the Coach at Door?

*Hand.* You did not bid me send for it.

*Dor.* Eternal Blackhead!

*Hay Sot.* ———

*Hand.* Did you call me, Sir?

*Dor.* I hope you have no just exception to the name, Sir?

*Hand.* I have sense, Sir.

*Dor.* Not so much as a Fly in Winter: ———

How did you come *Medly*?

*Med.* In a Chair!

*Footm.* You may have a Hackney Coach if you please, Sir.

*Dor.* I may ride the Elephant if I please, Sir;

Call another Chair, and let my Coach follow to *Langs*.

*Be calm ye great Parents, &c.*

[*Ex. Singing.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter my Lady Townly, and Emilia.*

*Lady Townly.* I Was afraid *Emilia*, all had been discovered.

*Emil.* I tremble with the Apprehension still.

*Town.* That my Brother should take Lodgings i'the Very House where you lie.

*Emil.* 'Twas lucky, we had timely notice to warn the People to be secret, he seems to be a mighty good Humour'd old man.

*Town.* He ever had a notable smerking way with him.

*Emil.* He calls me Rogue, tells me he can't abide me; And does so bepat me.

*Town.* On my word you are much in his favour then.

*Emil.* He has been very inquisitive I am told about my Family, my reputation, and my Fortune.

*Town.* I am confident he does not i'the least suspect You are the Woman his Son's in Love with.

*Emil.* What shou'd make him then inform himself so

Particularly of me?

*Town.* He was always of a very Loving Temper himself; It may be he has a doating Fit upon him, who knows.

*Emil.* It cannot be.

[Enter Young Bellair.

*Town.* Here comes my Nephew. Where did You leave your Father?

*T. Bell.* Writing a Note within, *Emilia*, this early visit Looks as if some kind Jealousie wou'd not let you Rest at home.

*Emil.* The knowledge I have of my Rival, Gives me a little cause to fear your Constancy.

*T. Bell.* My Constancy! I vow —

*Emil.* Do not vow — Our love is frail as is our life, and Full as little in our power, and are you sure you shall Out-live this day?

*T. Bell.* I am not, but when we are in perfect health, 'twere An idle thing to fright our selves with the thoughts of Sudden death.

*Town.* Pray what has pass'd between you and your Father i'the Garden.

*T. Bell.* He's firm in his resolution, Tells me I must marry Mrs. *Harriet*, Or swears he'll marry himself, And disinherit me, when I saw I could not Prevail with him to be more indulgent, I dissembled An Obedience to his Will, which has compos'd his passion, And will give us time, and I hope opportunity to Deceive him. [Enter Old Bellair, with a Note in his hand.

*Town.* Peace, here he comes.

*Old Bell.* *Harry*, take this, and let your man carry it for me To Mr. *Fourbes* Chamber, my Lawyer i'the Temple. Neighbour, a Dod I am glad to see thee here, [To *Emilia*. Make much of her Sister, she's one Of the best of your acquaintance; I like her Countenance and her behaviour well, she has A Modesty that is not Common i'this Age, a Dod, She has.

*Town.* I know her value Brother, and esteem her accordingly.

Old

*Old Bell.* Advise her to wear a little more mirth in her Face, a Dod she's too serious.

*Town.* The fault is very excusable in a young Woman.

*Old Bell.* Nay, a Dod, I like her ne'the worse, a Melancholy Beauty, has her Charms, I Love a pretty sadness in a Face which varies Now and Then, like changeable Colours, into a smile.

*Town.* Methinks you speak very feelingly Brother.

*Old Bell.* I am but Five and Fifty Sister you know, an Age not altogether unsensible! cheer up sweet [To Emilia. Heart; I have a secret to tell thee may Chance to make thee merry, we three will make Collation together anon, i'the mean time Mum, I can't abide you, go I can't Abide you — Harry, Come you [Enter Young Bellair. Must along with me to my Lady Woodvills. I am going to slip the Boy at a Mistress.

*Y. Bell.* At a Wife Sir, you wou'd say.

*Old Bell.* You need not look so glum, Sir, a Wife is no Curse when she brings the blessing Of a good Estate with her, but an idle Town Flurt, with a painted Face, a rotten Reputation, And a crasie Fortune, a Dod is the Devil and all, And such a one I hear you are in League with.

*Y. Bell.* I cannot help detraction, Sir.

*Old Bell.* Out, a pise o' their Breeches, there are Keeping Fools enough for such flaunting Baggages, and they are e'ne too good for 'em. Remember Night, go y' are a Rogue, y' are a [To Emilia. Rogue; fare you well, fare you well; come, come, Come along, Sir. [Ex. Old and Y. Bellair.

*Town.* On my Word the old man comes on apace; I'll lay my life he's smitten.

*Emilia.* This is nothing but the pleasantness of his humour.

*Town.* I know him better than you, let it work, It may prove lucky. [Enter a Page.

*Page.* Madam, Mr. Medley has sent to know Whether a Visit will not be Troublesome



*Town.* Send him word his visits never are so.

*Emilia.* He's a very pleasant man.

*Town.* He's a very necessary man among us Women; He's not scandalous i'the least, perpetually contriving to bring good Company together, And always ready to stop up a gap at Ombre, Then he knows all the little news of the Town.

*Emilia.* I love to hear him talk o' the Intrigues, Let 'em be never so dull in themselves, he'll Make 'em pleasant i'the relation.

*Town.* But he improves things so much one can take no Measure of the Truth from him.

Mr. *Dorimant* swears a Flea or a Maggot, is Not made more monstrous by a magnifying Glass, than a story is by his telling it.

*Emilia.* Hold, here he comes. [Enter Medley.]

*Town.* Mr. *Medley*.

*Med.* Your Servant Madam.

*Town.* You have made your self a Stranger of late.

*Emilia.* I believe you took a surfeit of Ombre Last time you were here.

*Med.* Indeed I had my Belly full of that Tarmagant Lady Dealer; there never was so unsatiable A Carder, an old Gleeker never lov'd to sit To't like her; Phave plaid with her now at Least a dozen times, till she's worn out all Her fine Complexion, and her Tour wou'd Keep in Curl no longer.

*Town.* Blame her not poor Woman, she loves nothing So well as a black Ace.

*Med.* The pleasure I have seen her in when she has had hope In drawing for a Matadore.

*Emilia.* 'Tis as pretty sport to her, as perswading Masks off is to you to make discoveries.

*Town.* Pray where's your Friend, Mr. *Dorimant*?

*Med.* Soliciting his affairs, he's a man of great Employment, has more Mistresses now depending

Than

Than the most eminent Lawyer in England  
Has Causes.

*Emilia.* Here has been Mrs. Lovett, so uneasy and  
Out of humour these two days.

*Town.* How strangely love and Jealousie rage  
In that poor Woman!

*Med.* She cou'd not have pick'd out a Devil  
Upon Earth so proper to Torment her,  
Has made her break a dozen or two of  
Fans already, tare half a score Points in pieces,  
And destroy Hoods and Knots without number.

*Town.* We heard of a pleasant Serenade he gave  
Her tother Night.

*Med.* A Danish Serenade with Kettle Drums, and Trumpets.

*Emilia.* Oh Barbarous!

*Med.* What, you are of the number of the Ladies whose  
Ears are grown so delicate since our  
Operas, you can be charm'd with nothing  
But Flute doux, and French Hoboys.

*Emilia.* Leave your raillery, and tell us, is there any  
New Wit come forth, Songs, or Novels?

*Med.* A very pretty piece of gallantry, by an  
Eminent Author, call'd, *the diversions of*  
*Bruxells*, very necessary to be read by all  
Old Ladies who are desirous to improve themselves  
At Questions and Commands, Blindmans buff,  
And the like fashionable recreations.

*Emilia.* Oh Ridiculous!

*Med.* Then there is the Art of affectation, written  
By a late beauty of Quality, teaching you how  
To draw up your Breasts, stretch up your neck,  
To thrust out your Breech, to play with your Head,  
To toss up your Nose, to bite your Lips, to turn  
Up your Eyes, to speak in a silly soft tone of a  
Voice, and use all the Foolish French Words  
That will infallibly make your person and  
Conversation charming, with a short apologie  
At the latter end, in the behalf of young Ladies,

Who.

Who notoriously wash, and paint, though they  
Have naturally good Complexions.

*Emilia.* What a deal of stuff you tell us?

*Med.* Such as the Town affords Madam.

The *Russians* hearing the great respect we  
Have for Foreign Dancing, have lately sent  
Over some of their best Balladins, who are  
Now practising a famous Ballat which will  
Be suddenly danc'd at the *Bear-Garden*.

*Town.* Pray forbear your idle stories, and give us  
An account of the state of Love, as it now stands.

*Med.* Truly there has been some revolutions in those  
Affairs, great chopping and changing among the  
Old, and some new Lovers, whom malice,  
Indiscretion, and misfortune, have luckily  
Brought into play.

*Town.* What think you of walking into the next Room,  
And sitting down before you engage in this business?

*Med.* I wait upon you, and I hope (though Women  
Are commonly unreasonable) by the plenty of  
Scandal I shall discover, to give you very good  
Content Ladies.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Mrs. Loveit and Pert.*

[*Mrs. Loveit putting up a Letter, then pulling  
out her pocket Glass, and looking in it.*

*Loveit. Pert.*

*Pert. Madam.*

*Loveit.* I hate my self, I look so ill to day.

*Pert.* Hate the wicked cause on't, that base man  
Mr. *Dorimant*, who makes you torment and  
Vex your self continually.

*Loveit.* He is to blame indeed.

*Pert.*

*Pert.* To blame to be two days without sending,  
Writing, or coming near you, contrary to  
His Oath and Covenant; 'Twas to much  
Purpose to make him swear; I'll lay my  
Life there's not an Article but he has Broken,  
Talk'd to the Vizards i'the Pit, waited upon the  
Ladies from the Boxes to their Coaches; gone behind  
The Scenes, and fawn'd upon those little insignificant  
Creatures, the Players; 'tis impossible for a man  
Of his inconstant temper to forbear I'm sure.

*Lov.* I know he is a Devil, but he has something of the  
Angel yet undefac'd in him, which  
Makes him so charming and agreeable, that I  
Must love him be he never so wicked.

*Pert.* I little thought Madam to see your spirit  
Taim'd to this degree, who banish'd poor  
Mr. *Lackwit* but for taking up another Ladies  
Fan in your presence.

*Loveit.* My knowing of such odious Fools, contributes to the  
Making of me Love *Dorimant* the better.

*Pert.* Your knowing of Mr. *Dorimant*, in my mind, shou'd  
Rather make you hate all mankind.

*Loveit.* So it does, besides himself.

*Pert.* Pray, what excuse does he make in his Letter?

*Loveit.* He has had business.

*Pert.* Business in general terms wou'd not have  
Been a currant excuse for another;  
A Modish Man is always very busie  
When he is in pursuit of a new Mistress.

*Loveit.* Some Fop has brib'd you to rail at him;  
He had business, I will believe it, and will forgive him.

*Pert.* You may forgive him any thing, but I shall never  
Forgive him his turning me into Ridicule,  
As I hear he does.

*Loveit.* I perceive you are of the number of those  
Fools his Wit had made his Enemies.

*Pert.* I am of the number of those he's pleas'd  
To railly, Madam; and if we may believe

Mr.

Mr. *Wagsan*, and Mr. *Caperwell*; he sometimes  
Makes m rry with your self too, among  
His Laughing Companions.

*Loveit*. Blockheads are as malicious to witty men,  
As ugly Women are to the handsome; 'tis  
Their Interest, and they make it their business  
To defame 'em.

*Pert*. I wish Mr. *Dorimant* wou'd not make  
It his business to defame you.

*Loveit*. Shou'd he, I had rather be made infamous  
By him, than owe my reputation to the dull  
Discretion of those Fops you talk off.

*Bellinda*!

[*running to her.*

*Enter Bellinda.*

*Bell*. My Dear.

*Loveit*. You have been unkind of late.

*Bell*. Do not say unkind, say unhappy!

*Loveit*. I cou'd chide you,

Where have you been these two days?

*Bell*. Pitty me rather my dear, where I have been  
So tired with two or three Country Gentlewomen,  
Whose conversation has been more  
Unfufferable than a Country Fiddle.

*Loveit*. Are they Relations?

*Bell*. No, Welch acquaintance I made when I was last year  
At St. *Winefreds*, they have asked me a thousand  
Questions of the Modes and Intrigues of the Town,  
And I have told 'em almost as many things for news  
That hardly were so, when their Gowns were in Fashion.

*Loveit*. Provoking Creatures, how cou'd you endure 'em?

*Bell*. Now to carry on my Plot, nothing but love  
Cou'd make me capable of so much falshood; [*Aside.*  
'Tis time to begin. I left *Dorimant* shou'd  
Come before her Jealousie has stung her;

[*Laughs and then speaks on.*

I was yesterday at a Play with 'em,  
Where I was fain to shew 'em the living, as the

Man



Man at *Westminster* does the dead; that is  
 Mrs. such a one admired for her Beauty;  
 This is Mr. such a one cry'd up for a Wit;  
 That is sparkish Mr. such a one who  
 Keeps reverend Mrs. such a one, and there  
 Sits fine Mrs. such a one who was lately  
 Cast off by my Lord such a one.

*Loveit.* Did you see *Dorimant* there?

*Bell.* I did, and imagine you were there with him,  
 And have no mind to own it.

*Loveit.* What shou'd make you think so?

*Bell.* A Lady mask'd in a pretty dishabillé  
 Whom *Dorimant* entertain'd with more  
 Respect, than the Gallants do a Common Vizard.

*Loveit.* *Dorimant* at the Play entertaining a Mask,  
 Oh Heaven's!

*Bell.* Good. *[Aside.]*

*Loveit.* Did he stay all the while?

*Bell.* 'Till the Play was done, and then led her  
 Out, which confirms me it was you!

*Loveit.* Traytor!

*Pert.* Now you may believe he had business, and  
 You may forgive him too.

*Loveit.* Ingrateful perjur'd man!

*Bell.* You seem so much concern'd my Dear,  
 I fear I have told you unawares what I  
 Had better have conceal'd for your Quiet.

*Loveit.* What manner of shape had she?

*Bell.* Tall and slender, her motions were very gentle,  
 Certainly she must be some person of condition.

*Loveit.* Shame and confusion be ever in her face  
 When she shows it.

*Bell.* I should blame your discretion for loving that  
 Wild man my Dear, but they say he has a way  
 So bewitching, that few can defend their hearts  
 Who know him.

*Loveit.* I will tear him from mine, or die i' the attempt.

*Bell.* Be more moderate.

*Lov.* Wou'd I had Daggers, Darts, or poyson'd Arrows in my Breast, so I cou'd but remove the thoughts Of him from thence,

*Bell.* Fie, fie, your transports are too Violent, my Dear. This may be but an accidental Gallantry, And 'tis likely ended at her Coach.

*Pert.* Shou'd it proceed farther, let your comfort be, The Conduct Mr. *Dorimant* affects, will Quickly make you know your Rival, ten to one Let you see her ruin'd, her reputation expos'd To the Town, a happiness none will envy her But your self Madam.

*Loveit.* Who e're she be, all the harm I wish her, is, may She love him as well as I do, and may he give her As much cause to hate him.

*Pert.* Never doubt the latter end of your Curse Madam!

*Loveit.* May all the passions that are rais'd by neglected Love, Jealousie, Indignation, Spight, and Thirst of Revenge, eternally rage in her Soul, as they do Now in mine. [*Walks up and down with a distracted air.*]

*Enter a Page.*

*Page.* Madam, Mr. *Dorimant* —

*Loveit.* I will not see him.

*Page.* I told him you were within, Madam.

*Loveit.* Say you ly'd, say I'm busie, shut the door; Say any thing.

*Page.* He's here Madam. [*Enter Dorimant.*]

*Dor.* They taste of death who do at Heaven arrive,  
But we this Paradise approach alive.  
What dancing the Galloping Nag without a Fiddle?

[*To Loveit.*]

[*Offers to catch her by the hand, she flings away and walks on.*]

I fear this restlessness of the body, Madam, [*pursuing her.*]  
Proceeds from an inquietness of the mind.  
What unlucky accident puts you out of

Humour;

Humour; a Point ill-wash'd, Knots spoil'd i'the  
Making up, Hair shaded awry, or some  
Other little mistake infetting you in order?

*Pert.* A trifle in my opinion, Sir, more inconsiderable  
Than any you mention.

*Dor.* Oh Mrs. *Pert*, I never knew you sullen enough  
To be silent, come let me know the business.

*Pert.* The business, Sir, is the business that has taken you  
Up these two days; how have I seen you  
Laugh at men of business, and now to become a man  
Of business your self!

*Dor.* We are not Masters of our own affections, our  
Inclinations daily alter; now we love pleasure, and  
Anon we shall doat on business; humane  
Frailty will have it so, and who can help it;

*Loveit.* Faithless, inhumane, barbarous man —

*Dor.* Good, now the Alarm strikes —

*Loveit.* Without sense of Love, of Honour, or of Gratitude,  
Tell me, for I will know, what Devil mask'd  
She was, you were with at the Play yesterday?

*Dor.* Faith I resolv'd as much as you, but the  
Devil was obstinate, and wou'd not tell me.

*Loveit.* False in this as in your Vows to me, you do know!

*Dor.* The truth is I did all I cou'd to know.

*Loveit.* And dare you own it to my Face;  
Hell and Furies! [Tears her Fan in pieces.

*Dor.* Spare your Fan, Madam, you are growing hot,  
And will want it to cool you.

*Loveit.* Horror and distraction seize you, Sorrow and  
Remorse gnaw your Soul, and punish all your  
Perjuries to me — [Weeps.

*Dor.* So Thunder breaks the Cloud in Twain,  
And makes a passage for the Rain. [Turning to Bellinda.  
Bellinda, you are the Devil that have rais'd  
This storm; you were at the Play yesterday, [To Bellinda.  
And have been making discoveries to your Dear.

*Bell.* Yare the most mistaken Man i'the World.

*Dor.* It must be so, and here I vow revenge; resolve

To pursue, and persecute you more impertinently  
 Than ever any Loving Fop did his Mistress, hunt  
 You i'the *Park*, trace you i'the *Mail*, Dog  
 You in every visit you make, haunt you at  
 The Plays, and i'the Drawing Room, hang my  
 Nose in your neck, and talk to you whether  
 You will or no, and ever look upon you with such  
 Dying Eyes, till your Friends grow Jealous of me,  
 Send you out of Town, and the World suspect  
 Your reputation.

[In a lower voice.]

At my [He looks kindly on Bellinda.  
 Lady *Townley's* when we go from hence.

*Bell.* I'll meet you there.

*Dor.* Enough.

*Loveit.* Stand off, you sha' not stare upon her so.

[Pushing Dorimant away.]

*Dor.* Good! There's one made Jealous already.

*Loveit.* Is this the constancy you vow'd?

*Dor.* Constancy at my years! 'tis not a Vertue in  
 Season, you might as well expect the Fruit the  
 Autumn ripens i'the Spring.

*Loveit.* Monstrous Principle!

*Dor.* Youth has a long Journey to go, Madam, shou'd  
 I have set up my rest at the first Inn I lodg'd at,  
 I shou'd never have arriv'd at the happiness I now enjoy.

*Loveit.* Dissembler, damn'd Dissembler!

*Dor.* I am so I confess, good nature, and good manners  
 Corrupt me. I am honest in my inclinations, and  
 Wou'd not, wer't not to avoid offence, make a  
 Lady a little in years believe I think her young, wilfully  
 Mistake Art for Nature; and seem as fond of a thing  
 I am weary off, as when I doated on't in earnest.

*Loveit.* False Man.

*Dor.* True Woman.

*Loveit.* Now you begin to show your self!

*Dor.* Love gilds us over, and makes us show fine things  
 To one another for a time, but soon the Gold  
 Wears off, and then again the native brass appears.

*Loveit.*

*Loveit.* Think on your Oaths, your Vows and Protestations.  
Perjur'd Men.

*Dor.* I made 'em when I was in love.

*Loveit.* And therefore ought they not to bind?  
Oh Impious!

*Dor.* What we swear at such a time may be a certain proof  
Of a present passion, but to say truth, in Love there is  
No security to be given for the future.

*Loveit.* Horrid and ingrateful, begone,  
And never see me more.

*Dor.* I am not one of those troublesome Coxcombs, who  
Because they were once well receiv'd, take the  
Privilege to plague a Woman with their Love ever  
After; I shall obey you, Madam, though I do my  
Self some violence. [*He offers to go, and Loveit pulls him back.*]

*Loveit.* Come back, you sha' not go.  
Cou'd you have the ill nature to offer it?

*Dor.* When love grows diseas'd the best thing we can do  
Is to put it to a Violent Death; I cannot  
Endure the torture of a lingering and  
Consumptive passion.

*Loveit.* Can you think mine sickly?

*Dor.* Oh, 'tis desperately Ill! what worse symptoms,  
Are there than your being always uneasie when  
I visit you, your picking quarrels with me on  
Slight occasions, and in my absence kindly listning  
To the impertinences of every fashionable Fool  
That talks to you?

*Loveit.* What fashionable Fool can you lay to my charge?

*Dor.* Why the very Cock-fool of all those Fools, Sir  
*Fopling Flutter.*

*Loveit.* I never saw him in my life but once.

*Dor.* The worse Woman you at first sight to put on  
All your charms, to entertain him with that softness  
In your voice, and all that wanton kindness in your  
Eyes, you so notoriously affect, when you design  
A Conquest.

*Loveit.* So damn'd a lie did never malice yet invent;

Who



Who told you this?

*Dor.* No matter; that ever I shou'd love a Woman that Can doat on a senceless Caper, a Tawdry French Riband, and a Formal Cravat.

*Loveit.* You make me mad.

*Dor.* A guilty Conscience may do much,  
Go on, be the Game-Mistress o' the Town, and  
Enter all our young Fops, as fast as they come  
From travail.

*Loveit.* Base and Scurrilous!

*Dor.* A fine mortifying reputation 'twill be for a  
Woman of your Pride, Wit, and Quality!

*Loveit.* This Jealousy's a meer pretence, a cursed trick  
Of your own devising; I know you.

*Dor.* Believe it and all the ill of me you can, I wou'd  
Not have a Woman have the least good thought  
Of me, that can think well of *Fopling*; farewell,  
Fall too, and much good may do you with your Coxcomb.

*Loveit.* Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

*Dor.* I have been told too much already. [*Ex. Dorimant.*]

*Loveit.* Call him again.

*Pert.* E'ne let him go, a fair riddance.

*Loveit.* Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd.

*Pert.* The Devil shou'd carry him away first,  
Were it my concern. [*Ex. Pert.*]

*Bell.* H's frightened me from the very thoughts of  
Loving men; for Heav'n's sake, my dear,  
Do not discover what I told you; I dread his tongue  
As much as you ought to have done his Friendship.

*Pert.* He's gone, Madam. [*Enter Pert.*]

*Loveit.* Lightning blast him.

*Pert.* When I told him you desired him to come back,  
He smil'd, made a mouth at me, flung into his  
Coach, and said —

*Loveit.* What did he say?

*Pert.* Drive away, and then repeated Verses.

*Loveit.* Wou'd I had made a Contract to be a Witch  
When first I entertain'd this greater Devil,

Monster,

Monster, Barbarian; I could tear my self in pieces.  
 Revenge, nothing but Revenge can ease me; Plague,  
 War, Famine, Fire, all that can bring universal ruin  
 And misery on mankind, with Joy I'd perish to  
 Have you in my power but this moment. [Ex. Loveit.

*Pert.* Follow Madam, leave her not in this outrageous passion.

[*Pert gathers up the things.*

*Bell.* H'as given me the proof which I desired of  
 His love, but 'tis a proof of his ill nature too;  
 I wish I had not seen him use her so.  
 I fight to think that *Dorimant* may be,  
 One day as faithless, and unkind to me.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE *Lady Woodvils Lodgings.*

*Enter Harriet, and Busy her Woman.*

*Busy.* **D**ear Madam!

Let me set that Curl in order.

*Har.* Let me alone, I will shake 'em all out of order.

*Busy.* Will you never leave this Wildness?

*Har.* Torment me not.

*Busy.* Look! there's a Knot falling off.

*Har.* Let it drop.

*Busy.* But one pin, dear Madam.

*Har.* How do I daily suffer under thy Officious Fingers?

*Busy.* Ah the difference that is between

You and my Lady *Dapper*? how uneasy she is  
 If the least thing be amiss about her?

*Har.* She is indeed most exact! nothing is ever wanting  
 To make her ugliness remarkable!

*Busy.* Jeering people say so!

*Har.*

*Har.* Her powdering, painting, and her patching never fail in Publick to draw the tongues and Eyes of all the men upon her.

*Busy.* She is indeed a little too pretending.

*Har.* That Women should set up for beauty as much in spite Of nature, as some men have done for Wit.

*Busy.* I hope without offence one may endeavour To make ones self agreeable.

*Har.* Not, when 'tis impossible. Women then Ought to be no more fond of dressing than Fools Should be of talking; Hoods and Modesty, Masques and Silence, things that shadow and conceal; They should think of nothing else.

*Busy.* Jesu! Madam, what will your Mother think is Become of you? for Heav'ns sake go in again.

*Har.* I won't!

*Busy.* This is the Extravagant'st thing that ever You did in your life, to leave her and a Gentleman Who is to be your Husband.

*Har.* My Husband!

Hast thou so little wit to think I spoke what I meant When I over-joy'd her in the Country, with a low Courtly, And what you please, Madam, I shall ever be obedient.

*Busy.* Nay, I know not, you have so many fetches.

*Har.* And this was one, to get her up to London! Nothing else I assure thee.

*Busy.* Well, the man, in my mind, is a fine man!

*Har.* The man indeed wears his Cloaths fashionably, and Has a pretty negligent way with him, very Courtly, And much affected; he bows, and talks, and smiles So agreeably as he thinks.

*Busy.* I never saw any thing so gentle!

*Har.* Varnish'd over with good breeding, many a Blockhead makes a tolerable show.

*Busy.* I wonder you do not like him.

*Har.* I think I might be brought to endure him, and that is All a reasonable Woman should expect in a Husband, but There is duty i'the case --- and like the haughtry *Merab*, I Find much aversion in my stubborn mind,

Which,

*Is bred by being promis'd and design'd.*

*Busy.* I wish you do not design your own ruine! I partly  
Guess your inclinations Madam — that Mr. *Dorimant* —

*Har.* Leave your prating, and sing some foolish Song or other.

*Busy.* I will, the Song you love so well ever since you saw  
Mr. *Dorimant*.

### SONG.

*When first Amintas charm'd my heart,  
My heedless Sheep began to stray;  
The Wolves soon stole the greatest part,  
And all will now be made a prey.*

*Ah, let not love your thoughts possess,  
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess;  
The dangerous passion you must shun,  
Or else like me be quite undone.*

*Har.* Shall I be paid down by a covetous Parent for a purchase?  
I need no Land; no, i'll lay my self out all in love.  
It is decreed —

*Enter Y. Bellair.*

*T. Bell.* What generous  
Resolution are you making Madam?

*Har.* Only to be disobedient, Sir.

*T. Bell.* Let me join hands with you in that —

*Har.* With all my heart, I never thought I should have given  
You mine so willingly. Here I *Harriet* —

*T. Bell.* And I *Harry* —

*Har.* Do solemnly protest —

*T. Bell.* And vow —

*Har.* That I with you —

*T. Bell.* And I with you —

*Both.* Will never marry —

*Har.* A match!

*T. Bell.* And no match!

How do you like this indifference now?

*Har.* You expect I should take it ill I see!

*T. Bell.* 'Tis not unnatural for you Women to be a little Angry, you miss a Conquest, though you wou'd slight the Poor man were he in your power.

*Har.* There are some it may be have an Eye like *Barf'lomew*, Big enough for the whole Fair, but I am not of the Number, and you may keep your Ginger-bread.

'Twill be more acceptable to the Lady,

Whose dear Image it wears Sir.

*T. Bell.* I must confess Madam, you came a day after the Fair.

*Har.* You own then you are in love —

*T. Bell.* I do.

*Har.* The confidence is generous, and in return I could almost Find in my heart to let you know my inclinations.

*T. Bell.* Are you in Love?

*Har.* Yes, with this dear Town, to that Degree, I can scarce indure The Country in Landscapes and in Hangings.

*T. Bell.* What a dreadful thing 'twould be To be hurry'd back to *Hampshire*!

*Har.* Ah -- name it not! —

*T. Bell.* As for us, I find we shall agree well enough! wou'd We cou'd do something to deceive the grave people!

*Har.* Could we delay their quick proceeding, 'twere well, A reprieve is a good step towards the getting of a pardon.

*T. Bell.* If we give over the Game, we are undone! What think you of playing it on booty?

*Har.* What do you mean?

*T. Bell.* Pretend to be in love with one another! 'twill make Some dilatory excuses we may feign, pass the better.

*Har.* Let us do't, if it be but for the dear Pleasure of dissembling.

*T. Bell.* Can you play your part?

*Har.* I know not what it is to love, but I have made Pretty remarks by being now and then where Lovers meet. Where did you leave their Gravities?

*T. Bell.* I th' next Room! your Mother was

Censuring



## Censuring our modern Gallant.

*Enter Old Bellair, and Lady Woodvil.*

*Har.* Peace! Here they come, I will lean against this Wall,  
And look bathfully down upon my Fan, while  
You like an Amorous spark modishly entertain me.

*L. Woodv.* Never go about to excuse 'em, come, come,  
It was not so when I was a young Woman.

*O. Bell.* A Dod, they're something disrespectful —

*L. Wood.* Quality was then consider'd,  
And not rally'd by every fleering Fellow.

*O. Bell.* Youth will have it's Jest, a Dod it will.

*L. Wood.* 'Tis good breeding now to be civil to none but  
Players and *Exchange* Women, they are treated by 'em as much  
Above their Condition, as others are below theirs.

*O. Bell.* Out a pise on 'em, talk no more, the  
Rogues ha' got an ill habit of preferring Beauty,  
No matter where they find it.

*L. Wood.* See your Son, and my Daughter, they have  
Improv'd their acquaintance since they were within.

*O. Bell.* A Dod methinks they have!  
Let's keep back and observe.

*T. Bell.* Now for a look and gestures that may persuade 'em  
I am saying all the passionate things imaginable —

*Har.* Your Head a little more on one side, ease your self  
On your left Leg, and play with your right hand.

*T. Bell.* Thus, is it not?

*Har.* Now set your right leg firm on the ground, adjust  
Your Belt, then look about you.

*T. Bell.* A little exercising will make me perfect.

*Har.* Smile and turn to me again very sparkish!

*T. Bell.* Will you take your turn and be instructed?

*Har.* With all my heart.

*T. Bell.* At one motion play your Fan, roul your Eyes,  
And then settle a kind look upon me.

*Har.* So.

*T. Bell.* Now spread your Fan, look down upon it,

And tell the Sticks with a Finger.

*Har.* Very Modish,

*T. Bell.* Clap your hand up to your bosom,  
Hold down your Gown.

Shrug a little, draw up your Breasts, and let 'em fall  
Again, gently, with a sigh or two, &c.

*Har.* By the good instructions you give, I suspect you for one  
Of those malicious Observers who watch peoples Eyes,  
And from innocent looks, make scandalous conclusions.

*T. Bell.* I know some indeed who out of meer love  
To mischief are as vigilant as Jealousy it self,  
And will give you an account of every Glance  
That passes at a Play, and i'th' Circle!

*Har.* 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

*T. Bell.* Clap your Fan then in both your hands, snatch it  
To your Mouth, smile, and with a lively motion fling your  
Body a little forwards. So — now spread it; fall back on  
The sudden, Cover your Face with it, and break out  
Into a loud Laughter — take up! look  
Grave, and fall a fanning of your self —  
Admirably well acted.

*Har.* I think I am pretty apt at these matters!

*O. Bell.* A Dod I like this well.

*L. Wood.* This promises something.

*O. Bell.* Come! there is Love i'th' case, a dod there is,  
Or will be; what say you young Lady?

*Har.* All in good time Sir, you expect we should fall to,  
And Love as game-Cocks fight, as soon as we are set  
Together, a Dod y<sup>e</sup> are unreasonable!

*O. Bell.* A Dod sirrah, I like thy wit well. [*Enter a Servant.*  
*Servant.* The Coach is at the Door Madam.

*O. Bell.* Go, get you and take the Air together.

*L. Wood.* Will not you go with us?

*O. Bell.* Out a pize: A Dod I ha' business and cannot.  
We shall meet at night at my Sister Townleys.

*T. Bell.* He's going to *Emilia*,  
I overheard him talk of a Collation.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter L. Townley, Emilia, and Mr. Medley.*

*L. Town.* I pity the young lovers, we last talk'd of,  
Though to say truth their conduct has been so indiscreet,  
They deserve to be unfortunate.

*Medley.* Y' have had an exact account from the great Lady  
I' th' Box down to the little Orange wench.

*Emil.* Y' are a living Libel, a breathing Lampoon; I  
Wonder you are not torn in pieces.

*Med.* What think you of setting up an Office of Intelligence  
For these matters? the project may get Money.

*L. Town.* You would have great dealings with country Ladies.

*Med.* More than *Muddiman* has [Enter Bellinda.]  
With their husbands.

*L. Town.* *Bellinda*, what has been become of you! we  
Have not seen you here of late  
With your friend Mrs *Levit*.

*Bellin.* Dear creature, I left her but now so sadly afflicted.

*L. Town.* With her old distemper Jealousy!

*Med.* *Dorimant* has plaid her some new prank.

*Bell.* Well, that *Dorimant* is certainly the worst  
Man breathing.

*Emil.* I once thought so.

*Bell.* And do you not think so still?

*Emil.* No indeed!

*Bell.* Oh Jesu!

*Emil.* The Town does him a great deal of Injury; and I  
Will never believe what it says of a man I do  
Not know again for his sake!

*Bell.* You make me wonder!

*L. Town.* He's a very well bred man.

*Bell.* But strangely ill-natur'd.

*Emil.* Then he's a very Witty man!

*Bell.* But a man of no principles.

*Med.* Your man of Principles is a very fine thing indeed!

*Bell.* To be preferr'd to men of parts by Women who have  
Regard!

Regard to their Reputation and quiet. Well were I minded  
To play the Fool, he shou'd be the last man I'd think of.

*Med.* He has been the first in many Ladyes favours, though  
You are so severe, Madam.

*L. Town.* What he may be for a Lover I know not, but  
He's a very pleasant acquaintance I am sure.

*Bell.* Had you seen him use Mrs *Loveit* as I have done,  
You wou'd never endure him more——

*Emil.* What he has quarrel'd with her again!

*Bell.* Upon the slightest occasion, he's Jealous  
Of Sir *Fopling*.

*L. Town.* She never saw him in her life but  
Yesterday, and that was here.

*Emil.* On my Conscience! he's the only man in Town  
That's her aversion, how horribly out of humour  
She was all the while he talk'd to her!

*Bell.* And somebody has wickedly told him——

*Emil.* Here he comes.

[Enter Dorimant.]

*Med.* *Dorimant*! you are luckily come to justify  
Your self—— here's a Lady——

*Bell.* Has a word or two to say to you from a  
Disconsolate person.

*Dor.* You tender your Reputation too much I know Madam,  
To whisper with me before this good Company.

*Bell.* To serve Mrs. *Loveit*, I'll make a bold venture.

*Dor.* Here's *Medley* the very Spirit of Scandal.

*Bell.* No matter!

*Emil.* 'Tis something you are unwilling to  
Hear, Mr. *Dorimant*.

*L. Town.* Tell him *Bellinda* whether he will or no!

*Bell.* Mrs. *Loveit*! [aloud.]

*Dor.* Softly, these are laughers, you do not know 'em.

*Bell.* In a Word y'ave made me hate you, [To *Dor.* apart.]  
Which I thought you never could have done.

*Dor.* In obeying your Commands.

*Bell.* 'Twas a cruel part you play'd! how could you act it?

*Dor.* Nothing is cruel to a man who could kill himself  
To please you; remember Five a Clock to morrow Morning.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* I tremble when you name it.

*Dor.* Be sure you come.

*Bell.* I sha' not.

*Dor.* Swear you will!

*Bell.* I dare not.

*Dor.* Swear I say.

*Bell.* By my life! by all the happiness I hope for.—

*Dor.* You will.

*Bell.* I will.

*Dor.* Kind.

*Bell.* I am glad i've sworn, I vow I think I should ha' fail'd you else!

*Dor.* Surprisingly kind! in what temper did you leave *Loveit*?

*Bell.* Her raving was prettily over, and she began to be in a brave way of defying you, and all your works. Where have you been since you went from thence?

*Dor.* I look'd in at the Play.

*Bell.* I have promis'd and must return to her again.

*Dor.* Perswade her to walk in the Mail this evening.

*Bell.* She hates the place and will not come.

*Dor.* Do all you can to prevail with her.

*Bell.* For what purpose?

*Dor.* Sir *Fopling* will be here anon, I'll prepare him to set upon her there before me.

*Bell.* You persecute her too much, but I'll do all you'll ha' me.

*Dor.* Tell her plainly, 'tis grown so dull a business. [*aloud.* I can drudge on no longer.

*Emil.* There are afflictions in Love Mr. *Dorimant*.

*Dor.* You Women make 'em, who are commonly as Unreasonable in that as you are at Play; without The Advantage be on your side, a man can never Quietly give over when he's weary?

*Med.* If you would play without being obliged to Complaisance *Dorimant*, you should play in Publick places.

*Dor.* Ordinaries were a very good thing for that, But Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em; the

Deep



Deep play is now in private Houses.

*Bellinda offering to steal away.*

*L. Town.* *Bellinda*, are you leaving us so soon?

*Bell.* I am to go to the Park with Mrs. *Loveit*,

Madam—

[*Ex. Bellinda.*]

*L. Town.* This confidence will go nigh to spoil this Young Creature.

*Med.* 'Twill do her good Madam. Young men who Are brought up under practising Lawyers prove The abler Council when they come to be call'd To the Bar themselves—

*Dor.* The Town has been very favourable to you This afternoon, my Lady *Townley*, you use to have An Ambara's of Chaires and Coaches at your Door; An uproar of Footmen in your Hall, and a noise Of Fools above here.

*L. Town.* Indeed my House is the general rendezvous, And next to the Play-house is the Common Refuge of all the Young idle people.

*Emil.* Company is a very good thing, Madam, but I Wonder you do not love it a little more Chosen.

*L. Town.* 'Tis good to have an universal taste, we Should love Wit, but for Variety, be able to divert Our selves with the Extravagancies of those who want it.

*Med.* Fools will make you laugh.

*Emil.* For once or twice! but the repetition of their Folly after a visit or two grows tedious and unsufferable.

*L. Town.* You are a little too delicate *Emilia*.

[*Enter a Page.*]

*Page.* Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Madam, desires to know if You are to be seen.

*L. Town.* Here's the freshest Fool in Town, and one Who has not cloy'd you yet. *Page!*

*Page.* Madam!

*L. Town.* Desire him to walk up.

*Dor.* Do not you fall on him, *Medley*, and snub him. Sooth him up in his extravagance! he will shew the better.

*Med.* You know I have a natural indulgence for Fools,

And

And need not this caution, Sir!

*Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, with his Page after him.*

*Sr. Fop. Page!* Wait without. Madam, I [*To L. Townly.*]  
Kiss your Hands, I see Yesterday was nothing of Chance,  
The bellès assemblés form themselves here every day.  
Lady your servant; *Dorimant*, let me embrace [*To Emilia.*]  
Thee, without lying I have not met with any of my  
Acquaintance, who retain so much of *Paris* as  
Thou dost, the very air thou hadst when the  
Marquise mistook thee i'th' Tuilleries, and cry'd  
Hey Chevalier, and then begg'd thy pardon.

*Dor.* I would fain wear in Fashion as long as I can, Sir,  
'Tis a thing to be valu'd in men as well as Bawbles.

*Sir Fop.* Thou art a man of Wit, and understands  
The Town: prithee let thee and I be intimate,  
There is no living without making some good  
Man the confident of our pleasures.

*Dor.* 'Tis true! but there is no man so improper  
For such a business as I am.

*Sir Fop.* Prithee! why hast thou so modest an  
Opinion of thy self?

*Dor.* Why first, I could never keep a secret in my life,  
And then there is no charm so infallibly makes me  
Fall in love with a Woman as my knowing a  
Friend loves her. I deal honestly with you.

*Sir Fop.* Thy humour's very gallant or let me perish,  
I knew a French Count so like thee.

*L. Town.* What I perceive has more power over you  
Than Beauty, *Sir Fopling*, else you would not have  
Let this Lady stand so long neglected.

*Sir Fop.* A thousand pardons Madam, some [*To Emilia.*]  
Civilities due of course upon the meeting a long absent  
Friend. The Eclat of so much beauty I confess ought  
To have charm'd me sooner.

*Emil.* The brillian of so much good language Sir has much  
More power than the little beauty I can boast.

Sir Fop. I never saw any thing prettier than this high Work on your Point D'espaigne—

Emil. 'Tis not so rich as Point De Venise---

Sir Fop. Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more Proper for the season. Dorimant, is not that Medley?

Dor. The same, Sir.

Sir Fop. Forgive me Sir in this Ambaras of Civilities, I could not come to have you in my Arms sooner. You understand an Equipage the best of Any Man in Town I hear.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sir Fop. There are Criticks who do not write Sir.

Med. Our peevish Poets will scarce allow it.

Sir Fop. Dam'em, they'll allow no Man Wit, who does not Play the fool like themselves and show it! Have you Taken notice of the Galleesh I brought over?

Med. O yes! 't has quite another Air, than th' English makes.

Sir Fop. 'Tis as easily known from an English Fumbril, As an Inns of Court-man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a bell-air in Galleeshes as well as men.

Med. But there are few so delicate to observe it.

Sir Fop. The world is generally very grossier here indeed.

L. Town. He's very fine.

Emil. Extream proper.

Sir Fop. A slight suit I made to appear in at my first arrival, Not worthy your consideration Ladies.

Dor. The Pantaloon is very well mounted.

Sir Fop. The Tassels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a Coat better cut.

Sir Fop. It makes me show long-wasted, and I think slender.

Dor. That's the shape our Ladies doat on.

Med. Your breech though is a handful too high in my Eye Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Peace Medley, I have wish'd it lower a thousand Times, but a Pox on't 'twill not be.

L. Town. His Gloves are well fring'd, large and graceful.

Sir Fop. I was always eminent for being bien ganté.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are Originals of the Most Famous hands in Paris.

Sir Fop.

*Sir Fop.* You are in the right Madam.

*L. Town.* The Suit.

*Sir Fop.* Barroy.

*Emilia.* The Garniture.

*Sir Fop.* Le Gras——

*Med.* The Shooes!

*Sir Fop.* Piccar!

*Dor.* The Perriwig!

*Sir Fop.* Chedreux.

*Town.* and *Emilia.* The Gloves!

*Sir Fop.* Orangerii! You know the smell Ladies!

*Dorimant*, I could find in my heart for an amusement  
To have a Gallantry with some of our English Ladies.

*Dor.* 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the  
Reputation of your Wit, than a Duel will be  
To satisfy the Town of your Courage.

*Sir Fop.* Here was a Woman yesterday——

*Dor.* Mistress Loveit.

*Sir Fop.* You have nam'd her!

*Dor.* You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

*Sir Fop.* Prithee! what is she?

*Dor.* A person of Quality, and one who has a rest of  
Reputation enough to make the Conquest considerable:  
Besides I hear she likes you too!

*Sir Fop.* Methoughts she seem'd though very reserv'd,  
And uneasy all the time I entertain'd her.

*Dor.* Grimace and affectation: You will see  
Her i'th' Mail to night.

*Sir Fop.* Prithee, let thee and I take the Air together.

*Dor.* I am engag'd to *Medley*, but I'll meet you at  
Saint James's, and give you some information, upon the  
Which you may regulate your proceedings.

*Sir Fop.* All the World will be in the Park to night: Ladies,  
'Twere pity to keep so much Beauty longer within doors,  
And rob the Ring of all those Charms  
That should adorn it——Hey Page.

[Enter Page, and goes out again.]

See that all my People be ready.  
*Dorimant* a Revoir.

G a

*Med.* A fine



*Med.* A fine mett'd Coxcomb.

*Dor.* Brisk and Insipid—

*Med.* Pert and dull.

*Emil.* However you despise him Gentlemen, I'll lay my Life he passes for a Wit with many.

*Dor.* That may very well be, Nature has her cheats, stum's A brain, and puts sophisticate dulness often on the tasteless Multitude for true wit and good humour. *Medley.* Come.

*Med.* I must go a little way, I will meet you i'the Mail.

*Dor.* I'll walk through the Garden thither, we shall meet Anon and bow.

[*To the Women.*]

*L. Town.* Not to night I we are engag'd about a business, The knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter.

*Med.* Your servant Ladies.

*Dor.* A Revoir, as Sir *Fopling* says— [Ex. *Med.* and *Dor.*]

*L. Town.* The Old Man will be here immediately.

*Emil.* Let's expect him i'th' Garden---

*L. Town.* Go, you are a Rogue.

*Emil.* I can't abide you.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The Mail.*

*Enter* Harriet, Y. Bellair, *she pulling him.*

*Har.* Come along.

*T. Bell.* And leave your Mother.

*Har.* *Busse* will be sent with a Hue and Cry after us ; But that's no matter.

*T. Bell.* 'Twill look strangely in me.

*Har.* She'll believe it a freak of mine, and never blame Your manners.

*T. Bell.* What reverend acquaintance is that she has met?

*Har.* A fellow-beauty of the last Kings time, though by the Ruines you would hardly guess it.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter* Dorimant *and crosses the Stage.*]

*Enter*



*Enter Y. Bellair, and Harriet.*

*T. Bell.* By this time your Mother is in a fine taking.

*Har.* If your Friend Mr. *Dorimant* were but here now,  
That she might find me talking with him.

*T. Bell.* She does not know him but dreads him I hear of  
All Mankind.

*Har.* She concludes if he does but speak to a  
Woman she's undone, is on her knees every day to  
Pray Heav'n defend me from him.

*T. Bell.* You do not apprehend him so much as she does.

*Har.* I never saw any thing in him that was frightful.

*T. Bell.* On the contrary, have you not observed something  
Extream delightful in his Wit and Person?

*Har.* He's agreeable and pleasant I must own, but he  
Does so much affect being so, he displeases me.

*T. Bell.* Lord Madam, all he does and says, is so easie,  
And so natural.

*Har.* Some Mens Verses seem so to the unskilful,  
But labour i'the one, and affectation in the other  
To the Judicious plainly appear.

*T. Bell.* I never heard him accus'd of affectation before.

*Enter Dorimant and stares upon her.*

*Har.* It passes on the easie Town, who are favourably  
Pleas'd in him to call it humour. [*Ex. Y. Bellair and Harriet.*]

*Dor.* 'Tis she! it must be she, that lovely hair, that  
Easie shape, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting  
Charms about her mouth, which *Medley* spoke of;  
I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a  
Prize with my friend *Bellair*.

*Ex. Dor. }*  
*repeating. }*

*In love the Victors from the vanquish'd fly;  
They fly that Wound, and they pursue that dy.*

*Enter*

*Enter Y. Bellair, and Harriet, and after them Dorimant standing at a distance.*

*T. Bell.* Most people prefer *High Park* to this place.

*Har.* It has the better Reputation I confess: but I Abominate the dull diversions there, the formal bows, The Affected smiles, the silly by-Words, and Amorous Tweers, in passing; here one meets with A little conversation now and then.

*T. Bell.* These conversations have been fatal To some of your Sex, Madam.

*Har.* It may be so, because some who want temper Have been undone by gaming, must others who have it Wholly deny themselves the pleasure of Play?

*Dor.* Trust me, it were unreasonable Madam.

*[Coming up gently, and bowing to her.*

*Har.* Lord! who's this?

*[She Starts and looks grave.*

*T. Bell.* *Dorimant.*

*Dor.* Is this the Woman your Father would Have you marry?

*T. Bell.* It is.

*Dor.* Her name?

*T. Bell.* *Harriet.*

*Dor.* I am not mistaken, she's handsome.

*T. Bell.* Talk to her, her Wit is better than her face; We were wishing for you but now.

*Dor.* Overcast with seriousness o' the sudden! *[To Harriet.* A thousand smiles were shining in that Face but now; I never saw so quick a change of Weather.

*Har.* I feel as great a change within; *[Aside.* But he shall never know it.

*Dor.* You were talking of Play, Madam, Pray What may be your stint?

*Har.* A little harmless discourse in publick walks, Or at most an appointment in a Box barefac'd At the Play-House; you are for Masks, and Private meetings; where Women engage

For all they are worth I hear.

*Dor.* I have been us'd to deep Play, but I can make one At small Game, when I like my Gamester well.

*Har.* And be so unconcern'd you'll ha' no pleasure in't.

*Dor.* Where there is a considerable sum to be won, the Hope of drawing people in, makes every trifle considerable.

*Har.* The fardiness of mens natures I know makes 'em Willing to flatter and comply with the Rich, though they Are sure never to be the better for 'em.

*Dor.* 'Tis in their power to do us good, and we despair Not but at some time or other they may be willing.

*Har.* To men who have far'd in this Town like you, 'Twould be a great Mortification to live on hope; Could you keep a Lent for a Mistress?

*Dor.* In expectation of a happy Easter, and though time Be very precious, think forty daies well lost, to gain your Favour.

*Har.* Mr. Bellair! let us walk, 'tis time to leave him, Men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

*Dor.* Y'are mistaken, flattery will not ensue, though I know Y'are greedy of the praises of the whole Mail.

*Har.* You do me wrong.

*Dor.* I do not, as I follow'd you, I observ'd how you Were pleased when the *Fops* cry'd she's handsome, very Handsome, by God she is, and whisper'd aloud your name, The thousand several forms you put your face into; then, To make yourself more agreeable, how wantonly you play'd With your head, flung back your locks, and look'd smilingly Over your shoulder at 'em.

*Har.* I do not go begging the mens as you do The Ladies Good liking with a sly softness in Your looks, and a gentle slowness in your bows, As you pass by 'em——as thus Sir——  
[*Acts him self*]  
Is not this like you?

*Enter Lady Woodvil and Busy.*

*R. Bell.* Your Mother Madam. [*Pulls Har. She composes her self*]  
*L. Wood.*

*L. Wood.* Ah my Dear child *Harriet*.

*Fusy.* Now is she so pleased with finding her again  
She cannot chide her.

*L. Wood.* Come away!

*Dor.* 'Tis now but high Mail Madam, the most entertaining  
Time of all the Evening.

*Har.* I would fain see that *Dorimant* Mother, you so  
Cry out of, for a monster, he's in the Mail  
I hear.

*L. Wood.* Come away then! the plague is here and you  
Should dread the infection.

*T. Bell.* You may be misinform'd of the gentleman?

*L. Wood.* Oh no! I hope you do not know him.  
He is the Prince of all the Devils in the Town,  
Delights in nothing but in Rapes and Riots.

*Dor.* If you did but hear him speak Madam!

*L. Wood.* Oh! he has a Tongue they say would tempt the  
Angels to a second fall.

*Enter Sir Fopling with his Equipage, six Foot-  
men, and a Page.*

*Sir Fop.* Hey, Champaine, Northan, La Rose, la Fleur,  
La Tour, La Verdure. *Dorimant*—

*L. Wood.* Here, here he is among this Rout, he  
Names him; come away *Harriet*, come away.

*Ex. L. Wood. Harr. Busy and Y. Bell.*

*Dor.* This fool's coming has spoil'd all, she's gone,  
But she has left a pleasing Image of her self  
Behind that wanders in my Soul —  
It must not settle there.

*Sir Fop.* What resverie is this! speak man.

*Dor.* Snatcht from my self how far behind  
Already I behold the shore!

*Enter Medley.*

*Med.* *Dorimant*, a discovery! I met with *Bellair*.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* You can tell me no news Sir, I know all.

*Med.* How do you like the Daughter?

*Dorim.* You never came so near truth in your life,  
As you did in her description.

*Med.* What think you of the Mother?

*Dor.* What ever I think of her, she thinks  
Very well of me I find.

*Med.* Did she know you?

*Dor.* She did not, whether she does now or no I know not.  
Here was a pleasant Scene towards, when in came Sir  
*Fopling*, mustering up his Equipage, and at the  
Latter end nam'd me, and frighted her away.

*Med.* *Loveit* and *Bellinda* are not far off, I saw 'em  
Alight at St. *James's*.

*Dor.* Sir *Fopling* hark you, a word or two, [Whispers.  
Look you do not want assurance.

Sir *Fop.* I never do on these occasions.

*Dor.* Walk on, we must not be seen together, make your  
Advantage of what I have told you, the next turn  
You will meet the Lady.

Sir *Fop.* Hey—Follow me all. [Ex. Sir *Fop.* & his Equipage.

*Dor.* Medly, you shall see good sport anon between  
*Loveit* and this *Fopling*.

*Med.* I thought there was something toward by that whisper.

*Dor.* You know a worthy principle of hers?

*Med.* Not to be so much as civil to a man who speaks to her  
In the presence of him she professes to love.

*Dor.* I have encourag'd *Fopling* to talk to her to night.

*Med.* Now you are here she will go nigh to beat him.

*Dor.* In the humor she's in, her love will make her do some  
Very extravagant thing doubtless.

*Med.* What was *Bellinda's* business with you at my  
Lady *Townleys*?

*Dor.* To get me to meet *Loveit* here in order to an  
Eclercismènt; I made some difficulty of it, and have prepar'd  
This rancounter to make good my Jealousy.

*Med.* Here they come! Enter *Lov. Bell. and Pert.*

*Dor.* I'll meet her and provoke her with a deal of dumb  
H Civility



Civility in passing by, then turn short and be behind  
Her, when Sir *Fopling* sets upon her——

*See how unregarded now*

*That piece of Beauty passes*—— [ *Ex. Dor. and Med.*

*Bell.* How wonderful respectfully he bow'd !

*Pert.* He's alwayes over-mannerly when  
He has done a mischief.

*Bell.* Methoughts indeed at the same time he had a  
Strange despising Countenance.

*Pert.* The unlucky look he thinks becomes him.

*Bell.* I was afraid you would have spoke to him my Dear.

*Loveit.* I would have di'd first; he shall no more find me  
The loving fool he has done.

*Bell.* You love him still !

*Loveit.* No.

*Pert.* I wish you did not.

*Loveit.* I do not, and I will have you think so : What made  
You hale me to this odious place *Bellinda* ?

*Bell.* I hate to be hulch'd up in a Coach ;  
Walking is much better.

*Loveit.* Would we could meet Sir *Fopling* now.

*Bell.* Lord ! would you not avoid him ?

*Loveit.* I would make him all the advances that may be.

*Bell.* That would confirm *Dorimant's* suspicion, my Dear.

*Loveit.* He is not jealous; but I will make him so, and be  
Revenge'd a way he little thinks on.

*Bellin. aside.* If she should make him jealous, that may make  
Him fond of her again : I must dissuade her from it. Lord !  
My Dear, this will certainly make him hate you.

*Loveit.* 'Twill make him uneasy though he does not care  
For me ; I know the effects of jealousy on men of his  
Proud temper.

*Bell.* 'Tis a fantastick remedy, its operations are  
Dangerous and uncertain.

*Loveit.* 'Tis the strongest Cordial we can give to dying Love,  
It often brings it back when there's no sign of life remaining :  
But I design not so much the reviving his, as my revenge.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Fopling and his Equipage.*

**Sir Fop.** Hey! bid the Coach-man send home four of his Horses, and bring the Coach to *White-Hall*, I'll walk Over the Park----Madam, the honour of kissing your Fair hands is a happiness I mis'd this afternoon at my *Lady Townleys!*

**Loveit.** You were very obliging, *Sir Fopling*, the last Time I saw you there.

**Sir Fop.** The preference was due to your wit and beauty. Madam, your Servant, there never was so sweet an Evening.

**Bell.** 'T has drawn all the rabble of the Town hither.

**Sir Fop.** 'Tis pity there's not an order made, that none but The Beau Monde should walk here.

**Loveit.** 'T would add much to the beauty of the place: See what a sort of nasty Fellows are coming.

*[Enter four ill-fashion'd Fellows singing,*

*'Tis not for kisses alone, &c.*

**Loveit.** Fo! Their Perriwigs are scented with Tobacco so strong——

**Sir Fop.** It overcomes our pulvilio——  
Methinks I smell the Coffee-house they come from.

1 *Man.* *Dorimant's* convenient, Madam *Loveit*.

2 *Man.* I like the oylie——Buttock with her.

3 *Man.* What spruce prig is that?

1 *Man.* A Caravan, lately come from *Paris*.

2 *Man.* Peace, they smoak. -

*There's something else to be done, &c.*

*{ All of them  
Coughing.*

*[Ex. Singing.*

H 2

*Enter*

*Enter Dorimant and Medley.*

*Dor.* They're engag'd—

*Med.* She entertains him as if she lik'd him.

*Dor.* Let us go forward---seem earnest in discourse and  
Shew our selves. Then you shall see how she'll use him.

*Bell.* Yonder's *Dorimant* my Dear.

*Loveit.* I see him, he comes insulting; but I will disappoint  
Him in his expectation. [*Aside.*]

*To Sir Fopling.* I like this pretty nice humour of yours  
*Sir Fopling:* With what a loathing eye he look'd upon  
Those Fellows!

*Sir Fop.* I sat near one of 'em at a Play to day, and was almost  
Poison'd with a pair of Cordivant Gloves he wears—

*Loveit.* Oh! filthy Cordivant,  
How I hate the smell! [*Laughs in a loud affected way.*]

*Sir Fop.* Did you observe, Madam, how their Crevats  
Hung loose an inch from their Neck, and what  
A filthy Air it gave 'em.

*Loveit.* Oh I took particular notice of one that is alwaies  
Spruc'd up with a deal of dirty Sky-colour'd Ribband.

*Bell.* That's one of the walking Flajolets who  
Haunt the Mail o' nights—

*Loveit.* Oh! I remember him! H' has a hollow Tooth  
Enough to spoil the sweetness of an Evening.

*Sir Fop.* I have seen the tallest walk the streets  
With a dainty pair of Boxes, neatly buckl'd on.

*Loveit.* And a little Footboy at his Heels Pocket-high,  
With a Flat-cap--- a dirty Face.

*Sir Fop.* And a Snotty Nose—

*Loveit.* Oh---odious, there's many of my own sex with  
That *Holborn* Equipage trigg to *Grey's Inn-Walks*;  
And now and then Travail hither on a Sunday.

*Med.* She takes no notice of you.

*Dor.* Damn her! I am jealous of a Counter-plot!

*Loveit.* Your Liveries are the finest, *Sir Fopling*---  
Oh that Page! that Page is the prettiest dress'd---

*They*

They are all Frenchmen.

Sir Fop. There's one damn'd English blockhead  
Among 'em, you may know him by his Meine.

Loveit. Oh! that's he, that's he, what do you call him?

Sir Fop. Hey — I know not what to call him —

Loveit. What's your Name?

Footm. John Trott, Madam!

Sir Fop. O unsufferable! Trott, Trott, Trott! there's  
Nothing so barbarous as the names of our English Servants.  
What Countryman are you Sirrah?

Footm. Hampshire, Sir?

Sir Fop. Then Hampshire be your name. Hey, Hampshire!

Loveit. O That sound, that sound becomes the  
Mouth of a man of Quality!

Med. Dorimant you look a little bashful on the matter!

Dor. She dissembles better than I thought  
She could have done.

Med. You have tempted her with too luscious a bait.  
She bites at the Coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that?

Med. You begin to be jealous in earnest.

Dor. Of one I do not love —

Med. You did love her.

Dor. The fit has long been over —

Med. But I have known men fall into dangerous relapses  
When they have found a Woman inclining to another.

Dor. He guesses the secret of my Heart! I am concern'd,  
But dare not show it, lest *Bellinda* should mistrust all I  
Have done to gain her. [to himself.]

Bell. [Aside.] I have watch'd his look, and find no  
Alteration there. Did he love her some signs of  
Jealousy would have appear'd?

Dor. I hope this happy Evening, Madam, has  
Reconcil'd you to the Scandalous Mail, we  
Shall have you now hankering here again —

Loveit. Sir Fopling will you walk —

Sir Fop. I am all obedience Madam —

Loveit. Come along then — and let's agree to be

Malicious.

Malitious on all the ill fashion'd things we meet.

Sir *Fop*. Wee'l make a Critick on the  
Whole Mail Madam.

*Loveit*. *Bellinda* you shall engage—

*Bell*. To the reserve of our friends my Dear.

*Lov*. No! No! Exceptions—

Sir *Fop*. Wee'l sacrifice all to our diversion—

*Loveit*. All--all--

Sir *Fop*. All.

*Bell*. All? Then let it be.

[*Ex. Sir Fopling, Loveit, Bellinda, and Pert. laughing.*]

*Med*. Would you had brought some more of your  
Friends, *Dorimant*, to have been Witnesses of Sir  
*Foplings* disgrace and your Triumph—

*Dor*. 'Twere unreasonable to desire you not to  
Laugh at me; but pray do not expose me  
To the Town this day or two.

*Med*. By that time you hope to have regain'd your Credit.

*Dor*. I know she hates *Fopling*, and only makes use of  
Him in hope to work me on agen; had it not been  
For some powerful Considerations which will be  
Remov'd to morrow morning, I had made her pluck off  
This mask, and shew the passion that lyes  
Panting under.

*Enter a Footman.*

*Med*. Here comes a man from *Bellair*, with news of  
Your last adventure.

*Dor*. I am glad he sent him. I long to know  
The consequence of our parting.

*Footm*. Sir, my Master desires you to come to my Lady  
*Townleys* presently, and bring Mr. *Medley* with you.  
My Lady *Woodvill* and her Daughter are there.

*Med*. Then all's well *Dorimant*—

*Footm*. They have sent for the Fiddles and  
Mean to Dance! He bid me tell you, Sir, the  
Old Lady does not know you, and would have

You



You own your self to be Mr. *Courtage*. They  
Are all prepar'd to receive you by that name.

*Dor.* That foppish admirer of Quality, who flatters the  
Very meat at honourable Tables, and never offers love  
To a Woman below a Lady-Grandmother.

*Med.* You know the Character you are to act I see!

*Dor.* This is *Harriets* contrivance —  
Wild, witty, lovesome, beautiful and young —  
Come along *Medley* —

*Med.* This new Woman would well supply the loss of *Loveit*.

*Dor.* That business must not end so, before to morrow  
Sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

*And you and Loveit to her cost shall find,  
I fathom all the depths of Womankind.*

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

*The Scene opens with the Fiddles playing a  
Country dance.*

*Enter Dorimant, L. Woodvill, Young Bellair, and Mrs. Harri-  
riet, Old Bellair, and Emilia, Mr. Medley and Lady Town-  
ley; as having just ended the dance.*

*Old Bell.* SO, so, so! a smart bout, a very smart bout a Dod!

*L. Town.* How do you like *Emilia's*

Dancing Brother.

*O. Bell.* Not at all! not at all.

*L. Town.* You speak not what you think I am sure.

*O. Bell.* No matter for that, go, bid her dance no more, it  
Don't become her, it don't become her, tell her I  
Say so; [*a Dod I love her.*

[*Aside.*

*Dor.* All people mingle now a days [*To L. Woodvill.*  
Madam.

Madam. And in publick places Women of Quality  
Have the least respect shew'd 'em.

*L. Wood.* I protest you say the truth, Mr. *Courtage*.

*Dor.* Forms and Ceremonies, the only things that  
Uphold Quality and greatness, are now shamefully  
Laid aside and neglected.

*L. Wood.* Well ! this is not the Womens Age, let 'em  
Think what they will, Lewdness is the business now,  
Love was the bus'ness in my Time.

*Dor.* The Women indeed are little beholding to the young  
Men of this Age, they're generally only dull admirers  
Of themselves, and make their Court to nothing but their  
Perriwigs and their Crevats, and would be more  
Concern'd for the disordering of 'em, tho' on a good  
Occasion, than a young Maid would be for the tumbling  
Of her head or Handkercher.

*L. Wood.* I protest you hit 'em.

*Dor.* They are very assiduous to show themselves at Court  
Well dress'd to the Women of Quality, but their bus'ness  
Is with the stale Mistresses of the Town, who are  
Prepar'd to receive their Lazy addresses by industrious  
Old Lovers, who have cast 'em off, and made 'em easy.

*Har.* He fits my Mothers humor so well, a little more and  
She'l dance a Kissing dance with him anon.

*Med.* Dutifully observ'd Madam.

*Dor.* They pretend to be great Criticks in Beauty, by their  
Talk you would think they lik'd no face, and yet can  
Doat on an ill one, if it belong to a Landress or a Taylors  
Daughter: they cry a Woman's past her prime at 20,  
Decay'd at four and 20, old and unsufferable at 30.

*L. Wood.* Unsufferable at 30 ! That they are in the wrong,  
Mr. *Courtage*, at five and 30, there are living proofs  
Enough to convince 'em.

*Dor.* Ay Madam ! there's Mrs. *Setlooks*, Mrs. *Droplip*,  
And my Lady *Lowd* ! shew me among all our opening  
Puds, a face that promises so much Beauty as  
The remains of theirs.

*L. Wood.* The deprav'd appetite of this Vicious Age  
Tastes

Tast's nothing but green Fruit, and loaths it when  
'Tis kindly ripen'd.

*Dor.* Else so many deserving Women, Madam, would  
Not be so untimely neglected.

*L. Wood.* I protest Mr. *Courtage*, a dozen such good men  
As you, would be enough to atone for that wicked  
*Dorimant*, and all the under debauchees of the Town.

What's the matter there? [*Har. Emil. Young Bell. Med. Lady*  
*Town. break out into a laughter.*]

*Med.* A pleasant mistake, Madam, that a Lady  
Has made, occasions a little laughter.

*O. Bell.* Come, come, you keep 'em idle! they are  
Impatient till the Fiddles play again.

*Dor.* You are not weary, Madam?

*L. Wood.* One Dance more!  
I cannot refuse you Mr. *Courtage*. [*They Dance.*]

*Emil.* You are very active, Sir,  
[*After the Dance, O. Bellair, singing and*  
*dancing up to Emilia.*]

*O. Bell.* A Dod Sirrah; when I was a young  
Fellow I could ha' caper'd up to my  
Womans Gorget.

*Dor.* You are willing to rest your self Madam —

*L. Town.* Wee'l walk into my Chamber and sit down.

*Med.* Leave us Mr. *Courtage*, he's a Dancer, and the  
Young Ladies are not weary yet.

*L. Wood.* Wee'll send him out again.

*Har.* If you do not quickly, I know  
Where to send for Mr. *Dorimant*.

*L. Wood.* This Girls head, Mr. *Courtage*, is ever  
Running on that wild fellow.

*Dor.* 'Tis well you have got her a good husband  
Madam, that will settle it.

[*Ex. L. Town. Wood, and Dorimant.*]

*O. Bell. to Emilia.* A Dod sweet-heart be advis'd, and do  
Not throw thy self away on a young idle fellow.

*Emil.* I have no such intention Sir.

*O. Bell.* Have a little patience! Thou shalt have the man

I spake of. A Dod he loves thee, and will make a good Husband, but no words —

*Emil.* But Sir —

*O. Bell.* No answer — out a pize! peace! and think on't.

*Enter Dorimant.*

*Dorim.* Your company is desir'd within Sir.

*O. Bell.* I go! I go! good Mr. Courtage — fare you well! Go! I'll see you no more. [*to Emil.*

*Emil.* What have I done Sir?

*O. Bell.* You are ugly; you are ugly! Is she not Mr. Courtage?

*Emil.* Better words of I sha'n't abide you.

*O. Bell.* Out a pize — a Dod, what does she say! Hit her a pat for me there. [*Exit Old Bellair.*

*Med.* You have charms for the whole family.

*Dor.* You spoil all with some unreasonable jest, Medly.

*Med.* You see I confine my Tongue, and am content to be a Bare Spectator, much contrary to my nature.

*Emil.* Methinks, Mr. Dorimant, my Lady Woodvill Is a little fond of you.

*Dor.* Would her daughter were.

*Med.* It may be you may find her so! try her, You have an opportunity.

*Dor.* And I will not lose it! *Bellair*, here's A Lady has something to say to you.

*T. Bell.* I wait upon her. Mr. *Dorimant*, we have both Business with you.

*Dor.* Get you all together then.

[*To Harriot*] That demure curt'sy is no amiss in jest, But do not think it cannot become you.

*Har.* Affectation is catching I find; from your Grave bow I got it.

*Dor.* Where had you all that scorn, and coldness In your look?

*Har.* From nature Sir, pardon my want of art: I have not learnt those tokens and languishings

Which

Which now in faces are so much in fashion.

*Dor.* You need 'em not, you have a sweetness of your own,  
If you would but calm your frowns and let it settle.

*Har.* My Eyes are wild and wandering like my passions,  
And cannot yet be ty'd to Rules of charming.

*Dor.* Women indeed have commonly a method of  
Managing those messengers of Love / now they  
Will look as if they would kill, and anon they  
Will look as if they were dying. They point and rebate  
Their glances, the better to invite us.

*Har.* I like this variety well enough; but hate the set face  
That always looks as it would say Come love me.  
A woman, who at Playes makes the Deux yeux to a  
Whole Audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em  
To her Monkey.

*Dor.* Put on a gentle smile and let me see, how well  
It will become you.

*Har.* I am sorry my face does not please you as it is,  
But I shall not be complaisant and change it.

*Dor.* Though you are obstinate, I know 'tis capable of  
Improvement, and shall do you Justice Madam, if I chance  
To be at Court, when the Critiques of the Circle pass  
Their judgment; for thither you must come.

*Har.* And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my  
Features examin'd, every motion censur'd, and on the  
Whole be condemn'd to be but pretty, or a Beauty of  
The lowest rate. What think you?

*Dor.* The Women, say the very lovers who belong to the  
Drawing-room will maliciously allow you more  
Than that; they always grant what is apparent,  
That they may the better be believ'd when  
They name conceal'd faults they cannot  
Easily be disprov'd in.

*Har.* Beauty runs as great a risque expos'd at Court  
As wit does on the Stage, where the ugly and the  
Foolish, all are free to censure.

*Dor. aside.* I love her, and dare not let her know it,  
I fear sh's an ascendant o're me and may revenge the



Wrongs I have done her sex.  
Think of making a party Madam, love will engage. [To her.

Har. You make me start! I did not think to have  
Heard of Love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to have a settled Ague  
Yet, but now and then have had irregular fits.

Har. Take heed, sickness after long health is  
Commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the infection from her, and feel the  
Disease now spreading in me — [Aside.

Is the game of love so frightful that  
You dare not stand it? [To her.

Har. 'Twill do little execution out of your mouth  
On me I am sure.

Dor. It has been fatal----

Har. To some easy Women, but we are not all  
Born to one destiny, I was inform'd you use to  
Laugh at Love, and not make it.

Dor. The time has been, but now I must speak—

Har. If it be on that Idle subject, I will put on  
My serious look, turn my head carelessly from you,  
Drop my lip, let my Eyelids fall, and hang  
Half o're my Eyes— Thus while you buz a speech  
Of an hour long in my ear, and I answer  
Never a word! why do you not begin?

Dor. That the company may take notice how passionately I  
Make advances of Love! and how disdainfully you receive 'em.

Har. When your Love's grown strong enough to make  
You bear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to  
Trouble me with it. Till when pray forbear, Sir.

*Enter Sir Fopling and others in Masques.*

Dor. What's here Masquerades?

Har. I thought that foppery had been left off, and  
People might have been in private with a Fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on foot still by  
Some who find themselves the more acceptable,

The

The less they are known.

*T. Bell.* This must be Sir *Fopling*.

*Med.* That extraordinary habit shews it.

*T. Bell.* What are the rest?

*Med.* A company of French Rascals whom he pick'd Up in *Paris* and has brought over to be his dancing Equipage on these occasions! make him own Himself; a Fool is very troublesome when he Presumes he is Incognito.

*Sir Fop.* Do you know me?

[*To Harriet.*

*Har.* Teno one but I guess at you?

*Sir Fop.* Are you women as fond of a Vizard as we men are?

*Har.* I am very fond of a Vizard that covers a Face I do not like, Sir.

*T. Bell.* Here are no Masques you see, Sir, but Those which came with you, this was intended a Private meeting, but because you look like a Gentleman, if you will discover your self and we Know you to be such, you shall be welcome.

*Sir Fop.* Dear *Bellair*.

[*Pulling off his Mask.*

*Med.* Sir *Fopling*! how came you hither?

*Sir Fop.* Faith as I was coming late from *White-Hall*, After the *Kings* Coucheé, one of my people told me He had heard Fiddles at my Lady *Townleys*, and—

*Dor.* You need not say any more, Sir.

*Sir Fop.* *Dorimant*, let me kiss thee.

*Dor.* Hark you Sir *Fopling*?

[*Whispers.*

*Sir Fop.* Enough, enough, Courtage.

A pretty kind of young Woman that, *Medley*, I observ'd Her in the Mail more Evelin than our English Women commonly are, prithee what is she?

*Med.* The most noted Coquette in Town; beware of her.

*Sir Fop.* Let her be what she will, I know how to take my Measures, in *Paris* the Mode is to flatter the Prude, Laugh at the Faux-proude, make serious love to The Demi-proude, and only railly with the Coquette.

*Medley*, what think you?

*Med.* That for all this smattering of the Mathematics,

You

'You may be out in your Judgment at Tennis

*Sir Fop.* What a Coque a Lafne is this? I talk of Women and thou answer'st Tennis.

*Med.* Mistakes will be for want of apprehension.

*Sir Fop.* I am very glad of the acquaintance I have with this Family.

*Med.* My Lady truly is a good Woman.

*Sir. Fop.* Ah! *Dorimant*, Courtage I would say, Would thou hadst spent the last Winter in *Paris* With me. When thou wer't there *La cornéus* and *Sallyes* were the only habitudes we had, a Comedian Would have been a boné fortune. No stranger ever Pass'd his time so well as I did some months before I came over. I was well receiv'd in a dozen Families, where all the Women of quality us'd to Visit, I have intrigues to tell thee, more pleasant, Than ever thou read'st in a Novel.

*Har.* Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us Women! our Language wants such little stories.

*Sir Fop.* Writing Madam's a Mechanick part of Witt! A Gentleman should never go beyond a Song or a Billè.

*Har.* *Bussie* was a Gentleman.

*Sir Fop.* Who *D'Ambois*?

*Med.* Was there ever such a brisk blockhead?

*Har.* Not *D'Ambois*, Sir, but *Rubutin*. He who Writ the Loves of *France*.

*Sir Fop.* That may be, Madam! many Gentlemen do Things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors, Courtage, Women are the prettiest things we Can fool away our time with.

*Har.* I hope ye have wear'd your self to night at Court, Sir, and will not think of fooling with any body here.

*Sir Fop.* I cannot complain of my Fortune there, Madam----  
*Dorimant*——

*Dor.* Again!

*Sir Fop.* Courtage, a pox on't, I have something to tell thee. When I had made my Court within, I came out And stung my self upon the Matt under the state

*Pth*

I'th' outward room, i'th' midst of half a dozen  
 Beauties who were withdrawn to jeer among  
 Themselves, as they call'd it.

*Dor.* Did you know 'em?

*Sir Fop.* Not one of 'em by Heav'ns! not I.  
 But they were all your friends.

*Dor.* How are you sure of that?

*Sir Fop.* Why we laugh'd at all the Town; spar'd  
 Nobody but your self, they found me a man  
 For their purpose.

*Dor.* I know you are malicious to your power.

*Sir Fop.* And faith! I had occasion to shew it, for I never  
 Saw more gaping fools at a Ball or on a Birth-day.

*Dor.* You learn'd who the women were.

*Sir Fop.* No matter! they frequent the Drawing Room.

*Dor.* And entertain themselves pleasantly at the expense  
 Of all the Fops who come there.

*Sir Fop.* That's their bus'ness, faith I sifted 'em and find  
 They have a sort of wit among them—

Ah filthy.

[Pinches a Tallow Candle.]

*Dor.* Look he has been pinching the Tallow Candle.

*Sir Fop.* How can you breath in a Room where there's  
 Grease frying! *Dorimant* thou art intimate with  
 My Lady, advise her for her own sake and the good  
 Company that comes hither to burn Wax lights.

*Har.* What are these Masquerades who stand so  
 Obsequiously at a distance?

*Sir Fop.* A set of Bulladins, whom I pickt out of the best  
 In France and brought over, with a Flutes deux or two,  
 My Servants; they shall entertain you.

*Har.* I had rather see you dance your self *Sir Fopling*.

*Sir Fop.* And I had rather do it---all the company  
 Knows it---but Madam—

*Med.* Come, come! no excuses *Sir Fopling*.

*Sir Fop.* By Heav'ns *Medley*—

*Med.* Like a woman I find you must be struggl'd with  
 Before one brings you what you desire.

*Har.* Can he dance?

[Aside.]

*Emil.*



*Emil.* And fence and sing too, if you'll believe him.

*Dor.* He has no more excellence in his heels than in His head. He went to *Paris* a plain bashful English Blockhead, And is return'd a fine undertaking *French Fopp*.

*Med.* I cannot prevail.

*Sir Fop.* Do not think it want of Complaisance, Madam.

*Har.* You are too well bred to want that, *Sir Fopling*.  
I believe it want of power.

*Sir Fop.* By Heav'ns and so it is.

I have sat up so Damn'd late and drunk so curs'd hard  
Since I came to this lewd Town, that I am fit for  
Nothing but low dancing now, a Corant, a Boreè,  
Or a Minuét: but *St. André* tells me, if I  
Will but be regular in one Month I shall rise agen.

Pox on this Debauchery. [Endeavours at a Caper.

*Emil.* I have heard your dancing much commended,

*Sir Fop.* It had the good Fortune to please in *Paris*.  
I was judg'd to rise within an inch as high as the  
Basqué in an Entry I danc'd there.

*Har.* I am mightily taken with this Fool, let us sit:  
Here's a seat *Sir Fopling*.

*Sir Fop.* At your feet, Madam;  
I can be no where so much at ease: by your leave  
Gown.

*Har. and* { Ah! you'll spoil it.

*Emil.*

*Sir Fop.* No matter, my Cloaths are my Creatures.  
I make 'em to make my Court to you Ladies, Hey--- [Dance  
Quon Comencè to an English Dancer English motions. I was  
Forc'd to entertain this Fellow, one of my set miscarrying—  
Oh horrid! leave your damn'd manner of dancing,  
And put on the French Air: have you not a  
Pattern before you——  
Pretty well! imitation in time may bring him to something.

After



After the Dance enter Old Bellair, L. Woodvil  
and L. Townley.

O. Bell. Hey a Dod! what have we here, a mumming?

L. Wood. Where's my Daughter—*Harriet.*

Dor. Here, here, Madam!

I know not but under these disguises there may be

Dangerous sparks, I gave the young Lady Warning!

L. Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, Mr. *Courtage.*

Har. Lord! how you admire this man!

L. Wood. What have you to except against him?

Har. He's a Fopp.

L. Wood. He's not a *Dorimant*, a wild extravagant  
Fellow of the Times.

Har. He's a man made up of forms and common places,  
Suckt out of the remaining Lees of the last age.

L. Wood. He's so good a man that were you not engag'd----

L. Town. You'll have but little night to sleep in.

L. Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect day—

Dor. The hour is almost come, I appointed *Bellinda*,  
And I am not so foppishly in love here to forget; [*Aside.*  
I am flesh and blood yet.

L. Town. I am very sensible, Madam.

L. Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look in what a struggle is my poor Mother yonder?

T. Bell. She has much ado to bring out the Complement?

Dor. She strains hard for it.

Har. See, see! her head tottering, her Eyes straining,  
And her under-lip trembling—

Dor. Now, now, she's in the very convulsions of her  
Civility. [*aside.*] 'Sdeath I shall lose *Bellinda*: I must  
Fright her hence! she'll be an hour in  
This fit of good Manners else.

[*To L. Wood.*] Do you not know, Sir *Fopling*, Madam?

L. Wood. I have seen that Face—Oh heav'n,  
'Tis the same we met in the Mail, how came he here?

Dor. A Fiddle in this Town is a kind of Fop-call;  
No sooner it strikes up, but the house is besieg'd

With

With an Army of Masquerades straight.

*L. Wood.* Lord! I tremble Mr. Courtage! for certain *Dorimant* is in the company.

*Dor.* I cannot confidently say he is not,  
You had best begone. I will wait upon you; your  
Daughter is in the hands of Mr. *Bellair*.

*L. Wood.* I'll see her before me. *Harriet*, come away.

*T. Bell.* Lights! Lights!

*L. Town.* Light down there.

*O. Bell.* A Dod it needs not—

*Dor.* Call my Lady *Woodvill's* Coach to the Door quickly.

*O. Bell.* Stay Mr. *Medley*, let the young Fellows do  
That duty, we will drink a Glass of Wine together.  
'Tis good after dancing! what Mumm'ing spark is that?

*Med.* He is not to be comprehended in few words.

*Sir Fop.* Hey! La Tower.

*Med.* Whither away Sir *Fopling*?

*Sir Fop.* I have business with *Courtage*—

*Med.* He'l but put the Ladies into their Coach and  
Come up again.

*O. Bell.* In the mean time i'll call for a Bottle. [*Ex. Old Bell.*]

*Enter Young Bellair.*

*Med.* Where's *Dorimant*?

*T. Bell.* Stolen home! he has had business waiting for  
Him there all this night, I believe, by an  
Impatience observ'd in him.

*Med.* Very likely, 'tis but dissembling Drunkenness,  
Ratling at his friends, and the kind  
Soul will embrace the blessing, and forget  
The tedious expectation.

*Sir Fop.* I must speak with him before I sleep!

*T. Bell.* *Smiles* and I are resolv'd on that business.

*Med.* Peace here's your Father.

*Enter Old Bellair, and Butler with a Bottle of Wine.*

*O. Bell.* The Women are all gone to bed.

Fill

Fill Boy! Mr. Medley begin a health.

Med. To Emilia:

[whispers.

O. Bell. Out a pize! she's a rogue and i'll not pledge you.

Med. I know you well.

O. Bell. A Dod drink it then.

Sir Fop. Let us have the new Bachique.

O. Bell. A Dod that is a hard word!

What does it mean Sir?

Med. A Catch or drinking Song.

O. Bell. Let us have it then.

Sir Fop. Fill the Glasses round, and  
Draw up in a Body. Hey! Musick!

They Sing.

The pleasures of love and the Joyes of good Wine,  
To perfect our happiness wisely we joyn.  
We to Beauty all day  
Give the Sovereign sway,  
And her favourite Nymphs devoutly obey,  
At the Plays we are constantly making our Court  
And when they are ended we follow the sport.  
To the Mall and the Park  
Where we love till 'tis dark;  
Then sparkling Champaigne  
Puts an end to their reign;  
It quickly recovers  
Poor languishing Lovers,  
Makes us frolick and gay, and drowns all our Sorrow.  
But alas! we relapse again on the Morrow.

Let every man stand  
With his glass in his hand.  
And briskly discharge at the word of Command.  
Here's a health to all those  
Whom to night we depose:  
Wine and beauty by turns great souls should inspire.  
Present all together; and now boyes give fire—

*O. Bell.* A Dod a pretty bus'ness and very merry.  
*Sir Fop.* Hark you *Medley*, let you and I take the  
 Fiddles and go waken *Dorimant*.

*Med.* We shall do him a courtesy, if it be as I guess.  
 For after the fatigue of this night, he'll quickly  
 Have his belly full: and be glad of an occasion  
 To cry, take away *Handy*.

*T. Bell.* I'll go with you, and there we'll consult  
 About affairs *Medly*.

*O. Bell.* *looks on his Watch*] A Dod, 'tis six a Clock.

*Sir Fop.* Let's away then.

*O. Bell.* Mr. *Medley*, my Sister tells me you are an  
 Honest man. And a Dod I love you.  
 Few words and hearty, that's the way  
 With old *Harry*, old *Harry*.

*Sir Fop.* Light your Flambeux. Hey.

*O. Bell.* What does the man mean?

*Med.* 'Tis day *Sir Fopling*.

*Sir Fop.* No matter.

Our Serenade will look the greater.

*Ex. Omnes.*

## SCENE II.

*Dorimant's Lodging, a Table, a Candle, a Toilet, &c.*  
*Handy tying up Linnen.*

*Enter Dorimant in his Gown and Bellinda.*

*Dor.* Why will you be gone so soon?

*Bell.* Why did you stay out so late?

*Dor.* Call a Chair, *Handy*! what makes you tremble so?

*Bell.* I have a Thousand fears about me:

Have I not been seen think you?

*Dor.* By no body but my self and trusty *Handy*.

*Bell.* Where are all your people?

*Dor.* I have dispers'd 'em on sleeveless Errands.

What

What does that sigh mean?

*Bell.* Can you be so unkind to ask me? — well — [*Sighs.*  
Were it to do again —

*Dor.* We should do it, should we not?

*Bell.* I think we should: the wickeder man you to make  
Me love so well — will you be discreet now?

*Dor.* I will —

*Bell.* You cannot.

*Dor.* Never doubt it.

*Bell.* I will not expect it.

*Dor.* You do me wrong.

*Bell.* You have no more power to keep the secret,  
Than I had not to trust you with it.

*Dor.* By all the Joies I have had, and those you  
Keep in store —

*Bell.* You'll do for my sake what you never did before —

*Dor.* By that truth thou hast spoken, a wife shall  
Sooner betray her self to her husband —

*Bell.* Yet I had rather you should be false in this  
Than in an other thing you promis'd me.

*Dor.* What's that?

*Bell.* That you would never see *Loveit* more but in  
Publick places, in the Park, at Court and Playes.

*Dor.* 'Tis not likely a man should be fond of seeing a  
Damn'd old Play when there is a new one acted.

*Bell.* I dare not trust your promise.

*Dor.* You may —

*Bell.* This does not satisfy me.  
You shall swear you never will see her more.

*Dor.* I will! a Thousand oaths — by all —

*Bell.* Hold — you shall not, now I think on't better.

*Dor.* I will swear —

*Bell.* I shall grow jealous of the Oath, and think  
I owe your truth to that, not to your love.

*Dor.* Then, by my love! no other Oath I'll swear.

*Enter*



*Enter Handy.*

*Hand.* Here's a Chair.

*Bell.* Let me go.

*Dor.* I cannot.

*Bell.* Too willingly I fear.

*Dor.* Too unkindly fear'd.

When will you promise me again?

*Bell.* Not this fortnight.

*Dor.* You will be better than your word.

*Bell.* I think I shall.

Will it not make you love me less?

[*Starting.*

Heark! what Fiddles are these?

[*Fiddles without.*

*Dor.* Look out, *Handy*!

[*Ex. Handy and returns.*

*Hand.* Mr. *Medley*, Mr. *Bellair*, and Sir *Fopling*,

They are coming up.

*Dor.* How got they in?

*Hand.* The door was open for the Chair.

*Bell.* Lord! let me fly —

*Dor.* Here, here, down the back stairs.

I'll see you into your Chair.

*Bell.* No, No! stay and receive 'em. And be sure you  
Keep your word and never see *Lovest* more.

Let it be a proof of your kindness.

*Dor.* It shall — *Handy* direct her.

Everlasting love go along with thee. [Kissing her hand.

[*Ex. Bellinda and Handy.*

*Enter Young Bellair, Medly, and Sir Fopling.*

*T. Bell.* Not a bed yet!

*Med.* You have had an irregular fit *Dorimant*.

*Dor.* I have.

*T. Bell.* And is it off already?

*Dor.* Nature has done her part Gentlemen,  
When she falls kindly to work, great Cures  
Are effected in little time, you know.

*Sir Fop.*

Sir. *Fop*. We thought there was a Wench in the Case by  
The Chair that waited. Prithee make us a Confidancé.

*Dor*. Excuse me.

Sir *Fop*. Lè sage *Dorimant*—was she pretty?

*Dor*. So pretty she may come to keep her Coach and pay  
Parish Duties if the good humour of the age continue.

*Med*. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by  
Publick spirited men for the good of the whole Town.

Sir *Fop*. Well said *Medley*.

[*Sir Fopling dancing by himself*.

*T. Bell*. See Sir *Fopling* dancing.

*Dor*. You are practising and have a mind to recover I see.

Sir. *Fop*. Prethee *Dorimant*! why hast not thou a glass  
Hung up here? a Room is the dullest thing without one!

*T. Bell*. Here is Company to entertain you.

Sir *Fop*. But I mean in case of being alone.

In a glass a man may entertain himself—

*Dor*. The shadow of himself indeed.

Sir. *Fop*. Correct the Errours of his motions and  
His dress.

*Med*. I find Sir *Fopling* in your Solitude, you remember  
The saying of the wise man, and study your self.

Sir *Fop*. 'Tis the best diversion in our retirements.

*Dorimant* thou art a pretty fellow and wear'st thy cloaths  
Well, but I never saw thee have a handsom Crevar.  
Were they made up like mine, they'd give another  
Aire to thy face. Prithee let me send my man  
To dress thee but one day. By Heav'n's an  
English man cannot tie a Ribbon.

*Dor*. They are something clumsy fisted—

Sir *Fop*. I have brought over the prettiest fellow that  
Ever spred a Toilet, he serv'd some time under  
*Merille* the greatest Genie in the world for a  
Valet d' Chambré.

*Dor*. What he who formerly belong'd to the  
Duke of *Candale*?

Sir *Fop*. The same, and got him his immortal reputation.

*Dor*. Y'have a very fine *Brandenburgh* on Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop*.

Sir Fop. It serves to wrap me up, after the Fatigue of a Ball.

Med. I see you often in it, with your Periwig ty'd up.

Sir Fop. We should not alwaies be in a set dress 'tis more En Cavalier to appear now and then in a diffabilleé.

Med. Pray how goes your busness with *Loveit*?

Sir Fop. You might have answer'd your self in the Mail Last night. *Dorimant*! did you not see the advances She made me? I have been endeavouring at a song!

Dor. Already!

Sir Fop. 'Tis my Coup'd Essay in English,  
I would fain have thy opinion of it.

Dor. Let's see it.

Sir Fop. Hey Page give me my song — *Bellair*,  
Here thou hast a pretty voice sing it.

T. Bell. Sing it your self Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Excuse me.

T. Bell. You learnt to sing in *Paris*.

Sir Fop. I did of *Lambert* the greatest master  
In the world: but I have his own fault, a weak voice,  
And care not to sing out of a ruél.

Dor. A ruél is a pretty Cage for a singing Fop indeed.

Y. Bellair reads the Song.

*How Charming Phillis is, how fair!*

*Ab that she were as willing,*

*To ease my wounded heart of Care*

*And make her Eyes less killing.*

*I sigh! I sigh! I languish now,*

*And Love will not let me rest,*

*I drive about the Park, and bow*

*Still as I meet my dearest.*

Sir Fop. Sing it, sing it man, it goes to a pretty new  
Tune which I am confident was made by *Baptist*.

Med. Sing it your self Sir Fopling, he does not know the  
Tune.

Sir Fop. I'll venture.

[*Sir Fopling sings.*

Dor.

*Dor.* Ay marry! now 'tis something. I shall not  
Flatter you, *Sir Fopling*, there is not much thought in't.  
But 'tis passionate and well turn'd.

*Med.* After the French way.

*Sir Fop.* That I aim'd at—— does it not give  
You a lively image of the thing?  
Slap down goes the Glafs, and thus we are at it.

*Dor.* It does indeed, I perceive, *Sir Fopling*,  
You'll be the very head of the Sparks, who are lucky  
In Compositions of this nature.

*Enter Sir Foplings Footman.*

*Sir Fop.* *La Tower*, is the Bath ready?

*Footm.* Yes Sir.

*Sir Fop.* Adieu don Mes cheres. [Ex. *Sir Fopling*.]

*Med.* When have you your revenge on *Loveit*, *Dorimant*?

*Dor.* I will but change my Linnen and about it.

*Med.* The powerful considerations which hinder'd  
Have bin remov'd then.

*Dor.* Most luckily this morning, you must along  
With me, my reputation lyes at stake there.

*Med.* I am engag'd to *Bellair*.

*Dor.* What's your business.

*Med.* Ma-tri-mony an't like you.

*Dor.* It does not, Sir.

*T. Bell.* It may in time *Dorimant*, what  
Think you of Mrs. *Harriet*?

*Dor.* What does she think of me?

*T. Bell.* I am confident she loves you.

*Dor.* How does it appear?

*T. Bell.* Why she's never well but when she's talking  
Of you, but then she finds all the faults in you she can.  
She laughs at all who commend you, but  
Then she speaks ill of all who do not.

*Dor.* Women of her temper betray themselves by  
Their over cunning. I had once a growing love with a  
Lady, who would always quarrel with me when

I came to see her, and yet was never quiet if  
I stay'd a day from her.

*T. Bell.* My Father is in love with *Emilia*.

*Dor.* That is a good warrant for your proceedings,  
Go on and prosper, I must to *Loveit*.

*Medley* I am sorry you cannot be a witness.

*Med.* Make her meet Sir *Fopling* again in the same place,  
And use him ill before me.

*Dor.* That may be brought about I think.  
I'll be at your Aunts anon and give you Joy Mr. *Bellair*.

*T. Bell.* You had not best think of Mrs. *Harriet* too much,  
Without Church security there's no taking up there.

*Dor.* I may fall into the Snare too. But—

*The wise will find a difference in our Fate,  
You wed a Woman, I a good Estate.*

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter the Chair with Bellinda, the men set it  
down and open it. Bellinda starting.*

*Bellinda* { Lord! where am I? in the Mail!  
*surpriz'd.* { Whither have you brought me?

*I Chairm.* You gave us no directions, Madam?

*Bell.* The fright I was in made me forget it.

[*Aside.*]

*I Chairm.* We use to carry a Lady from the Squires

*Bell.* This is *Loveit*, I am undone if she sees me.

[*Aside.*]

Quickly carry me away.

*I Chairm.* Whither an't like your honour?

*Bell.* Ask no questions—

*Enter Loveits Footman.*

*Footm.* Have you seen my Lady, Madam?

*Bell.* I am just come to wait upon her—

*Footm.* She will be glad to see you, Madam.

She sent me to you this morning to desire your Company,  
And I was told you went out by five a Clock.

*Bell.*



*Bell.* More and more unlucky!

*Footm.* Will you walk in Madam?

*Bell.* I'll discharge my Chair and follow; [Ex. *Footm.*

Tell your Mrs. I am here. [Gives the Chairmen Money.

Take this! and if ever you should be examin'd, be sure you Say, you took me up in the *Strand* over against the Exchange, as you will answer it to Mr. *Dorimant*.

*Chairmen.* We will an't like your Honour. [Ex. *Chairmen.*

*Bell.* Now to come off, I must on——

*In Confidence and lies some hope is left;*

*Twere hard to be found out in the first theft.*

[Exit.

## ACT V.

*Enter Mistress Loveit and Pert her Woman,*

*Pert.* WELL! in my eyes Sir *Fopling* is no such Despicable person.

*Lov.* You are an excellent Judge.

*Pert.* He's as handsom a man as Mr. *Dorimant*, and as great a Gallant.

*Lov.* Intolerable! is't not enough I submit to his Impertinences, but must I be plagu'd with yours too?

*Pert.* Indeed Madam——

*Lov.* 'Tis false, mercenary malice—— [Enter her footman.

*Footm.* Mrs. *Bellinda* Madam——

*Lov.* What of her?

*Footm.* She's below.

*Lov.* How came she?

*Footm.* In a Chair, ambling *Harry* brought her.

*Lov.* He bring her! His Chair stands near *Dorimant's* Door and always brings me from thence—— run and Ask him where he took her up; go, there is no truth

In friendship neither. Women, as well as men,  
All are false, or all are so to me at least.

*Pert.* You are jealous of her too?

*Lov.* You had best tell her I am.

'Twill become the  
Liberty you take of late. This fellows bringing of her,  
Her going out by five a Clock —  
I know not what to think.

*Enter Bellinda.*

*Bellinda,* you are grown an early Riser I hear!

*Bell.* Do you not wonder my Dear,  
What made me abroad so soon?

*Lov.* You do not use to be so.

*Bell.* The Country Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord!  
They have the oddest diversions!) would never  
Let me rest till I promis'd to go with them  
To the Markets this morning to eat  
Fruit and buy Nosegays.

*Lov.* Are they so fond of a filthy Nosegay?

*Bell.* They complain of the stinks of the Town, and are  
Never well but when they have their noses in one.

*Lov.* There are Essences and sweet waters.

*Bell.* O they cry out upon perfumes they are  
Unwholsome, one of 'em was falling into a fit  
With the smell of these nardii.

*Lov.* Methinks in Complaisance  
You shou'd have had a Nosegay too.

*Bell.* Do you think, my Dear, I could be so loathsome  
To trick my self up with Carnations and stock-  
Gillyflowers? I begg'd their pardon and  
Told them I never wore any thing but Orange  
Flowers and Tuberoze. That which made me  
Willing to go was, a strange desire I had  
To eat some fresh Nectaren's.

*Lov.* And had you any?

*Bell.* The best I ever tasted.

*Lov.*

*Lov.* Whence came you now?

*Bell.* From their Lodgings, where I crowded out of a Coach and took a Chair to come and see you my Dear;

*Lov.* Whither did you send for that Chair?

*Bell.* 'Twas going by empty.

*Lov.* Where do these country Gentlewomen Lodge I pray?

*Bell.* In the Strand over against the Exchange.

*Pert.* That place is never without a Nest of 'em, They are always as one goes by hearing in Balconies or staring out of Windows.

*Enter Footman.*

*Lov.* [ *To the Footm.* ] Come hither.

[ *Whispers.* ]

*Bell.* *Aside.* ] This fellow by her order has been Questioning the Chairmen! I threatn'd 'em With the name of *Dorimant*, if they should Have told truth I am lost for ever.

*Lov.* In the Strand said you?

*Footm.* Yes Madam over against the Exchange.

[ *Exit Footman.* ]

*Lov.* She's innocent and I am much to blame.

*Bell.* *Aside.* ] I am so frightened, my countenance Will betray me.

*Lov.* *Bellinda!* what makes you look so pale?

*Bell.* Want of my usual Rest, and jolting up and Down so long in an odious Hackney. [ *Footman returns.* ]

*Footm.* Madam! Mr. *Dorimant*!

*Lov.* What makes him here?

*Bell.* *Aside.* ] Then I am betray'd indeed, H' has broke his word, and I love a man that does Not care for me.

*Lov.* Lord! you faint *Bellinda!*

*Bell.* I think I shall! such an oppression here on the sudden.

*Pert.* She has eaten too much fruit I warrant you.

*Lov.* Not unlikely!

*Pert.* 'Tis that lyes heavy on her Stomach.

*Lov.*

*Loveit.* Have her into my Chamber, give her some 'Surfeit Water,' and let her lye down a little.

*Pert.* Come, Madam! I was a strange devourer Of Fruit when I was young,

So ravenous——

*Ex. Bell. and Pert leading her off.*

*Loveit.* Oh that my Love would be but calm awhile! That I might receive this man with all the Scorn And indignation he deserves.

*Enter Dorimant.*

*Dor.* Now for a touch of Sir *Fopling* to begin with. Hey--- Page--- Give positive order that none of my People stir--- Let the Canaille wait as they should do—— Since noise and nonsense have such pow'rful charms,

*I that I may successful prove,*

*Transform my self to what you love.*

*Loveit.* If that would do, you need not change from What you are, you can be vain and lowd enough.

*Dor.* But not with so good a grace as Sir *Fopling*. Hey, *Hampshire*—— Oh---that sound, that sound Becomes the mouth of a man of Quality.

*Loveit.* Is there a thing so hateful as a senceless Mimick?

*Dor.* He's a great grievance indeed to all who like Your self, Madam, love to play the fool in quiet.

*Loveit.* A ridiculous Animal, who has more of The Ape, than the Ape has of the man in him.

*Dor.* I have as mean an opinion of a Sheer Mimick as your self, yet were he all Ape I should prefer him to the Gay, the Giddy, Brisk-inspid Noisy fool you doat on.

*Loveit.* Those Noisy-fools, however you despise 'em, Have good qualities, which weigh more (or ought At least) with us Women, than all the penicious Wit you have to boast of.

*Dor.* That I may hereafter have a just value for their Merit, pray do me the favour to name 'em.

*Loveit.* You'l despise 'em as the dull effects of

Ignorance

Ignorance and Vanity ! yet I care not if I mention some.  
First, they really admire us, while you at best but  
Flatter us well.

*Dor.* Take heed ! Fools can dissemble too —

*Loveit.* They may ! but not so artificially as you —  
There is no fear they should deceive us ! Then they  
Are assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their service,  
And always waiting on our will.

*Dor.* You owe that to their excessive idleness !  
They know not how to entertain themselves at home,  
And find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to  
Fly to you who countenance 'em as a refuge against the  
Solitude they would be otherwise condemn'd to.

*Loveit.* Their conversation too diverts us better.

*Dor.* Playing with your Fan, smelling to your Gloves,  
Commending your Hair, and taking notice how 'tis  
Cut and shaded after the new way —

*Loveit.* Were it sillier than you can make it, you must  
Allow 'tis pleasanter to laugh at others than to be laugh'd at.  
Our selves though never so wittily. Then though they  
Want skill to flatter us, they flatter themselves  
So well, they save us the labour ! we need not take  
That care and pains to satisfy 'em of our Love  
Which we so often lose on you.

*Dor.* They commonly indeed believe too well of  
Themselves, and always better of you than you deserve.

*Loveit.* You are in the right, they have an implicit  
Faith in us which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into  
Our secrets, and saves us the vexatious trouble of  
Clearing doubts which your subtle and causeless  
Jealousies every moment raise.

*Dor.* There is an inbred falshood in Women, which  
Inclines 'em still to them, whom they may most easily deceive.

*Loveit.* The man who loves above his quality,  
Does not suffer more from the insolent Impertinence of  
His Mistress, than the Woman who loves above her  
Understanding does from the arrogant presumptions  
Of her friend.

*Dor.*



*Dor.* You mistake the use of fools, they are design'd for Properties and not for friends, you have an indifferent Stock of reputation left yet. Lose it all like a frank Gamester on the Square, 'twill then be time enough To turn Rook, and cheat it up again on a Good Substantial Bubble.

*Loveit.* The old and the ill-favour'd are only fit for Properties indeed, but Young and Handsome Fools have met with kinder fortunes.

*Dor.* They have to the shame of your sex be it spoken, 'Twas this, the thought of this made me by a timely Jealousy endeavour to prevent the good fortune you Are providing for Sir *Fopling*——  
But against a Womans frailty all our Care is vain.

*Loveit.* Had I not with a dear experience bought the Knowledge of your falshood, you might have fool'd Me yet. This is not the first Jealousie you have Feign'd to make a quarrel with me, and get a week To throw away on some such unknown inconsiderable Slut, as you have been lately lurking with at Plays.

*Dor.* Women, when they would break off with a man, Never want th' address to turn the fault on him.

*Loveit.* You take a pride of late in using of me ill, that The Town may know the power you have over me, Which now (as unreasonably as your self) expects That I (do me all the injuries you can) must love you still.

*Dor.* I am so far from expecting that you should, I begin to think you never did love me.

*Loveit.* Would the memory of it were so wholly worn Out in me that I did doubt it too! what made you Come to disturb my growing quiet?

*Dor.* To give you joy of your growing infamy.

*Loveit.* Insupportable! insulting Devil! this from you, The only Author of my Shame! this from another Had been but Justice, but from you, 'tis a hellish and Inhumane outrage. What have I done?

*Dor.* A thing that puts you below my scorn, and Makes my anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.

*Loveit.*

*Lov.* I walk'd last night with Sir *Fopling*.

*Dor.* You did Madam, and you talk'r and laugh aloud  
Ha, ha, ha—Oh that laugh, that laugh becomes  
The confidence of a Woman of Quality.

*Lov.* You who have more pleasure in the ruine of a  
Womans reputation than in the indearments of her love,

—Reproach me not with your self, and I defy you to name  
—The man can lay a blemish on my fame.

*Dor.* To be seen publickly so transported with the  
Vain Follies of that Notorious Fop, to me is an infamy  
Below the sin of prostitution with another man.

*Lov.* Rail on, I am satisfy'd in the Justice of what  
I did, you had provok'd me to 't.

*Dor.* What I did was the effect of a passion, whose  
Extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

*Lov.* And what I did was the effect of a passion  
You may forgive if you think fit.

*Dor.* Are you so indifferent grown?

*Lov.* I am.

*Dor.* Nay! then 'tis time to part. I'll send you back your  
Letters you have so often askt for:  
I have two or three of 'em about me.

*Lov.* Give 'em me.

*Dor.* You snatch as if you thought I would not—there—  
And may the perjuries in 'em be mine if ere I see you more.

*Lov.* Stay! *[Offers to go; she catches him.]*

*Dor.* I will not.

*Lov.* You shall.

*Dor.* What have you to say?

*Lov.* I cannot speak it yet.

*Dor.* Something more in Commendation of the fool.  
Death! I want patience, let me go.

*Lov.* I cannot.

I can sooner part with the limbs that hold him. *[Aside.]*  
I hate that nauseous fool, you know I do.

*Dor.* Was it the scandal you were fond of then?

*Lov.* Y' had rais'd my anger equal to my love, a thing  
You ne're could do before, and in revenge I did—  
I know not what I did:—Would you would

Not think on't any more.

*Dor.* Should I be willing to forget it, I shall be daily  
Minded of it, 'twill be a common place for all the  
Town to laugh at me, and *Medley*, when he is Rhetorically  
Drunk, will ever be declaiming on it in my ears.

*Lov.* 'Twill be believ'd a jealous spite! Come forget it.

*Dor.* Let me consult my reputation, you are too careless of it.

[*Pauses*] You shall meet Sir *Fopling* in the Mail again to night.

*Lov.* What mean you?

*Dor.* I have thought on it, and you must. 'Tis necessary to  
Justify my love to the World: you can handle a coxcomb  
As he deserves, when you are not out of humour Madam!

*Lov.* Publick satisfaction for the wrong I have done you!  
This is some new device to make me more ridiculous!

*Dor.* Hear me!

*Lov.* I will not!

*Dor.* You will be perswaded.

*Lov.* Never.

*Dor.* Are you so obstinate?

*Lov.* Ate you so base?

*Dor.* You will not satisfy my love?

*Lo.* I would die to satisfy that, but I will not, to save you from  
A thousand racks, do a shameless thing to please your vanity.

*Dor.* Farewel false woman.

*Lov.* Do! go!

*Dor.* You will call me back again.

*Lov.* Exquisite fiend! I knew you came but to torment me.

*Enter Bellinda and Pert.*

*Dor.* surpriz'd] *Bellinda* here!

*Bell.* Aside] He starts! and looks pale, the sight  
Of me has toucht his guilty Soul.

*Pert.* 'Twas but a qualm as I said, a little indigestion;  
The Surfeit Water did it Madam,  
Mixt with a little *Mirabilis*.

*Dor.* I am confounded! and cannot guess how she came hither!

*Lov.* 'Tis your fortune *Bellinda* ever to be here,  
When I am abus'd by this prodigy of ill nature.

*Bell.* I am amaz'd to find him here!  
How has he the face to come near you?

*Dor.*

*Dor. Aside.* ] Here is fine work towards!  
I never was at such a loss before.

*Bell.* One who makes a publick profession of breach of Faith and Ingratitude! I loath the sight of him.

*Dor.* There is no remedy, I must submit to their Tongues Now, and some other time bring my self off as well as I can.

*Bell.* Other men are wicked, but then they have some Sense of shame! he is never well but when he triumphs, Nay! glories to a Womans face in his Villanies.

*Lov.* You are in the right *Bellinda*, but me thinks Your kindness for me makes you concern your Self too much with him.

*Bell.* It does iadeed my Dear!  
His barbarous carriage to you yesterday, made me hope You ne'r wou'd see him more, and the very next day To find him here again, provokes me strangely:  
But because I know you love him I have done.

*Dor.* You have reproach't me handsomly, and I Deserve it for coming hither, but——

*Pert.* You must expect it, Sir! all Women will hate You for my Ladies sake!

*Dor.* Nay, if she begins too, 'tis time to fly! I shall be Scolded to death else. [*Aside to Bellinda.*]

I am to blame in some circumstances I confess; but as to The Main, I am not so guilty as you imagine.

I shall seek a more convenient time to clear my self.

*Loveit.* Do it now! what impediments are here?

*Dor.* I want time, and you want temper.

*Loveit.* These are weak pretences!

*Dor.* You were never more mistaken in your life,  
And so farewell. *Dorimant flings off.*

*Loveit.* Call a Footman! *Pert!* quickly,  
I will have him dogg'd.

*Pert.* I wish you would not for my quiet and your own.

*Loveit.* I'll find out the infamous cause of all Our quarrels, pluck her Mask off, and expose her Bare-fac'd to the world.

*Bell.* Let me but escape this time, I'll never Venture more.

[*Aside.*]

*Loveit.*



*Loveit.* *Bellinda!* you shall go with me.

*Bell.* I have such a heaviness hangs on me with what I did this morning, I wou'd fain go home And sleep, my Dear.

*Loveit.* Death! and eternal darkness. I shall never Sleep again! Raging Feavours seize the world and make Mankind as restless all as I am.

[*Ex. Loveit.*]

*Bell.* I knew him false and help'd to make him so? Was not her ruine enough to fright me from the danger? It should have been, but love can take no warning. [*Ex. Bell.*]

## SCENE II. *Lady Townleys House.*

*Enter Medfy, Young Bellair, Lady Townly, Emilia and Chaplain.*

*Med.* Bear up *Bellair*, and do not let us see that Repentance in thine, we daily do in Married faces.

*L. Town.* This Wedding will strangely surprize My Brother when he knows it.

*Med.* Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time, Madam, since Marriage has lost its good name, prudent Men seldom expose their own reputations till 'tis Convenient to justify their Wives.

*Old Bell.* [*without*] Where are you all there? Out, a Dod will no body hear?

*L. Town.* My Brother, quickly Mr. *Smirk* into this Closet, You must not be seen yet. [*Goes into the Closet.*]

*Enter Old Bellair and L. Townleys Page.*

*O. Bell.* Desire Mr. *Furb* to walk into the lower Parlor, I will be with him presently—Where have you Been, Sir, you cou'd not wait on me to day? [*To T. Bellair.*]

*T. Bell.* About a business.

*O. Bell.* Are you so good at business? a Dod I Have a business too, you shall dispatch out of hand, Sir. Send for a Parson, Sister; my Lady *Woodvill* and Her Daughter are coming.

*L. Town.*



*L. Town.* What need you huddle up things thus?

*O. Bell.* Out a pife, youth is apt to play the fool,  
And 'tis not good it should be in their power.

*L. Town.* You need not fear your Son.

*O. Bell.* H'has been idling this morning, and a Dod I do  
Not like him. How dost thou do sweet heart? [*To Emilia.*

*Emil.* You are very severe, Sir, Marri'd in such haste!

*O. Bell.* Go too, thou'rt a rogue, and I will talk with thee anon.  
Here's my Lady *Woodvill* come. [*Enter L. Woodvill, Harriet*  
Welcome, Madam; Mr. *Furb's* [*and Busy.*  
Below with the Writings.

*L. Wood.* Let us down and make an end then.

*O. Bell.* Sister, shew the way. [*To Y. Bell who is talking*  
*Harry* your business lyes not there yet! [*to Harriet.*

Excuse him till we have done Lady, and then a Dod  
He shall be for thee. Mr. *Medley* we must  
Trouble you to be a witness.

*Med.* I luckily came for that purpose, Sir.

[*Ex. O. Bell. Medley, Y. Bell. L. Townly and L. Woodvill.*

*Busy.* What will you do Madam?

*Har.* Be carried back and mew'd up in the Country agen,  
Run away here, any thing, rather than be marry'd to a  
Man I donot care for—Dear *Emilia*, do thou advise me!

*Emil.* Mr. *Bellair* is engag'd you know.

*Har.* I do; but know not what the fear of losing an  
Estate may fright him to.

*Emil.* In the desp'rate condition you are in, you should  
Consult with some judicious man; what think you of  
Mr. *Dorimant*?

*Har.* I do not think of him at all.

*Busy.* She thinks of nothing else I am sure—

*Emil.* How fond your Mother was of Mr. *Courtage*!

*Har.* Because I contriv'd the mistake to make a little  
Mirth, you believe I like the man.

*Emil.* Mr. *Bellair* believes you love him.

*Har.* Men are seldom in the right when they guess at a  
Womans mind, would she whom he loves lov'd him no better.

*Busy. Aside.]* That's e'n well enough on all conscience.

*Emil.* Mr. *Dorimant* has a great deal of wit.

*Har.*

*Har.* And takes a great deal of pains to shew it.

*Emil.* He's extremely well fashion'd.

*Har.* Affectedly grave, or ridiculously wild and apish.

*Busy.* You defend him still against your Mother.

*Har.* I would not were he justly rallied, but  
I cannot hear any one undeservedly rail'd at.

*Emil.* Has your woman learnt the Song you  
Were so taken with?

*Har.* I was fond of a new thing, 'tis dull at second hearing.

*Emil.* Mr. *Dorimant* made it.

*Busy.* She knows it Madam, and has made me sing  
It at least a dozen times this morning.

*Har.* Thy Tongue is as impertinent as thy fingers.

*Emil.* You have provok'd her.

*Busy.* 'Tis but singing the song and I shall appease her.

*Emil.* Prethee do.

*Har.* She has a voice will grate your Ears worse than a  
Cat-call, and dresses so ill she's scarce fit to trick up a  
Yeomans Daughter on a Holyday.

*Busy Sings.*

Song by  
Sir C. S.

*As Amoret with Phillis sat  
One Evening on the plain,  
And saw the charming Strephon wait  
To tell the Nymph his pain.*

*The threatening danger to remove  
She whisper'd in her Ear,  
Ah Phillis, if you would not love,  
This Shepherd do not hear.*

*None ever had so strange an Art  
His passion to convey  
Into a listening Virgins heart  
And steal her Soukaway.*

*Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give  
Occasion for your Fate.*

*In vain said she, in vain I strive,  
Alas! 'tis now too late.*

*Enter*

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Musick so softens and disarms the mind.

Har. That not one Arrow does resistance find.

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky Minute then.

Har. *Aside turning from Dorimant* My love springs with  
My blood into my Face, I dare not look upon him yet.

Dor. What have we here, the picture of celebrated  
Beauty, giving Audience in publick to a declar'd Lover?

Har. Play the dying Fop, and make the  
Piece compleat Sir.

Dor. What think you if the Hint were well improv'd?  
The whole mystery of making love pleasantly design'd  
And wrought in a suit of Hangings?

Har. 'Twere needless to execute fools in Effigie who  
Suffer daily in their own persons.

Dor. *To Emilia aside* Mrs. Bride, for such I know  
This happy day has made you.

Emil. Deferr the formal joy you are to give me,  
And mind your business with her—

[*Aloud*] Here are dreadful preparations Mr. Dorimant,  
Writings sealing, and a Parson sent for—

Dor. To marry this Lady—

Buffy. Condemn'd she is, and what will become of her  
I know not, without you generously engage in a Rescue.

Dor. In this sad condition, Madam, I can do no less  
Than offer you my service.

Har. The obligation is not great, you are the common  
Sanctuary for all young Women who run from their Relations.

Dor. I have always my arms open to receive the  
Distressed: But I will open my heart and receive you,  
Where none yet did ever enter. You have fill'd it  
With a secret, might I but let you know it.

Har. Do not speak it, if you would have me believe it,  
Your Tongue is so fam'd for falshood, 'twill do the  
Truth an injury.

Dor. Turn not away then, but look on me and guess it.

Har. Did you not tell me there was no credit to be given to  
Faces? that Women now adays have their passions as  
Much at will as they have their Complexions, and

Put.

Put on Joy and sadness, ~~Scorn and kindness~~, with the  
Same ease they do their Paint and Patches—  
Are they the only counterfeits?

*Dor.* You wrong your own, while you suspect my Eyes,  
By all the Hope I have in you, the inimitable  
Colour in your cheeks is not more false from  
Art than are the sighs I offer.

*Har.* In men who have been long harden'd in Sin,  
We have reason to mistrust the first signs of repentance.

*Dor.* The prospect of such a Heav'n will make me  
Persevere, and give you marks that are infallible.

*Har.* What are those?

*Dor.* I will renounce all the joys I have in friendship  
And in Wine, sacrifice to you all the interest  
I have in other Women—

*Har.* Hold— Though I wish you devout,  
I would not have you turn Fanatick— Could you  
Neglect these a while and make a journey into the Country?

*Dor.* To be with you I could live there:  
And never send one thought to London.

*Har.* What e're you say, I know all beyond  
High-Park's a desert to you, and that no gallantry  
Can draw you farther.

*Dor.* That has been the utmost limit of my Love—  
But now my passion knows no bounds, and  
There's no measure to be taken of what it'll do  
For you from any thing I ever did before.

*Har.* When I hear you talk thus in *Hampshire*,  
I shall begin to think there may be some truth in larg'd upon.

*Dor.* Is this all— will you not promise me—

*Har.* I hate to promise! what we do then is expected from  
Us, and wants much of the welcome it finds, when it surprizes.

*Dor.* May I not hope?

*Har.* That depends on you, and not on me, and  
'Tis to no purpose to forbid it

[Turns to Busy]

*Busy.* Faith Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman  
Loves you too, e'en let him know your mind and  
Torment your selves no longer.

*Har.* Dost think I have no sense of Modesty?

*Busy.*



*Busby.* Think, if you lose this you may never  
Have another opportunity.

*Har.* May he hate me, (a curse that frights me  
When I speak it!) if ever I do a thing against the  
Rules of decency and honour.

*Dor.* [To *Emilia*.] I am beholding to you  
For your good intentions, Madam.

*Emil.* I thought the concealing of our Marriage  
From her might have done you better service.

*Dor.* Try her again—

*Emil.* What have you resolv'd, Madam?  
The time draws near.

*Har.* To be obstinate and protest against this Marriage.

*Enter L. Townly in haste.*

*L. Town.* [To *Emilia*.] Quickly, quickly, let Mr. *Smirk*  
Out of the Closet. [Smirk comes out of the Closet.]

*Har.* A Parson! had you laid him in here?

*Dor.* I knew nothing of him.

*Har.* Should it appear you did, your opinion  
Of my easiness may cost you dear.

*Enter O. Bellair, Y. Bellair, Medley, and L. Woodvill.*

*O. Bell.* Out a pife! the Canonical hour is almost past;  
Sister, is the man of God come?

*L. Town.* He waits your leisure—

*O. Bell.* By your favour Sir. A Dod a pretty spruce fellow!  
What may we call him?

*L. Town.* Mr. *Smirk*! my Lady *Biggots* Chaplain.

*O. Bell.* A wise woman! a Dod she is.  
The man will serve for the flesh as well as the spirit.  
Please you Sir to Commission a young Couple to go to  
Bed together a Gods name? ——— *Harry.*

*T. Bell.* Here Sir—

*O. Bell.* Out a pife without your mistress in your hand!

*Smirk.* Is this the Gentleman?

*O. Bell.* Yes Sir!

*Smirk.* Are you not mistaken Sir?

*O. Bell.* A Dod, I think not Sir!

*Smirk.* Sure you are Sir?

N

*O. Bell.*



*O. Bell.* You look, as if you would forbid the bairn  
*Mr. Smirk,* I hope you have no pretention to the Lady!  
*Smirk.* With him joy Sir! I have done him the good  
 Office to day already.

*O. Bell.* Out a pize what do I hear?

*L. Town.* Never storm Brother, the truth is out.

*O. Bell.* How say you Sir! is this your wedding day?

*T. Bell.* It is Sir.

*O. Bell.* And a Dod it shall be mine too,

Give me thy hand sweet-heart,

[*To Emilia.*

What dost thou mean? give me thy hand I say.

[*Emilia kneels and T. Bell.*

*L. Town.* Come come, give her your blessing,  
 This is the woman your Son lov'd and is marry'd to.

*O. Bell.* Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your  
 Contrivance Sister!

*L. Town.* What would you do with her,  
 She's a Rogue and you can't abide her,

*Medley.* Shall I hit her a pat for you, Sir?

*O. Bell.* A Dod you are all Rogues,  
 And I never will forgive you.

*L. Town.* Whither! whither away?

*Medley.* Let him go and cool awhile!

*L. Wood. to Dorimant*] Here's a business broke out now  
*Mr. Courtage,* I am made a fine fool of.

*Dor.* You see the old Gentleman knew nothing of it.

*L. Wood.* I find he did not. I shall have some trick put  
 Upon me if I stay in this wicked Town any longer.

*Harriet!* dear Child! where art thou?  
 I'll into the Country straight.

*O. Bell.* A Dod Madam, you shall hear me first.

*Enter Loveit, and Bellinda.*

*Lov.* Hither my man, dogg'd him! —

*Bell.* Yonder he stands my Dear.

*Lov.* I see him. —

[*Aside.*

And with him the Face that has undone me! oh that I were  
 But where I might throw out the Anguish of my heart,  
 Here it must rage within and break it.

*O. Bell.*

*L. Town.*

*L. Town.* Mrs. *Loveit*! are you afraid to come forward?

*Lov.* I was amaz'd to see so much company here in a Morning, the occasion sure is extraordinary—

*Dor. Aside.] Loveit and Bellinda!* the Devil owes me a Shame to day, and I think never will have done paying it.

*Lov.* Marry'd! dear *Emilia*! how am I transported With the news?

*Har. to Dorimant]* I little thought *Emilia* was the woman Mr. *Bellair* was in love with—I'll chide her for not trusting Me with the secret.

*Dor.* How do you like Mrs. *Loveit*?

*Har.* She's a fam'd Mrs. of yours I hear—

*Dor.* She has been on occasion!

*O. Bell.* A Dod Madam I cannot help it. [*To L. Woodvill.*

*L. Wood.* You need make no more Apologies Sir!

*Emil. to Loveit.]* The old Gentleman's excusing himself to My Lady *Woodvill*.

*Lov.* Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing so pleasant.

*Har.* She's extreamly overjoy'd at something. [*To Dor.*

*Dor.* At nothing, she is one of those hoyting Ladies, Who gayly fling themselves about, and force a laugh, When their aking hearts are full of discontent and malice.

*Lov.* Oh Heav'n! I was never so near killing my self with Laughing—Mr. *Dorimant*! are you a Brideman?

*L. Wood.* Mr. *Dorimant*! is this Mr. *Dorimant*, Madam?

*Lov.* If you doubt it, your daughter can resolve You I suppose.

*L. Wood.* I am cheated too, basely cheated.

*O. Bell.* Out a pize, what's here more knavery yet?

*L. Wood.* *Harriet*! on my Blessing come away I charge you.

*Har.* Dear Mother! do but stay and hear me.

*L. Wood.* I am betray'd and thou art undone I fear.

*Har.* Do not fear it—I have not, nor never will do any Thing against my duty—believe me! dear Mother do.

*Dor. to Lov.]* I had trusted you with this secret but that I Knew the violence of your Nature would ruin my fortune As now unluckily it has: I thank you Madam.

*Lov.* She's an Heiress I know, and very rich.

*Dor.* To satisfy you I must give up my interest wholly to

My Love, had you been a reasonable woman,  
I might have secur'd 'em both, and been happy——

*Lov.* You might have trusted me with any thing of this  
Kind, you know you might. Why did you go under  
A wrong name?

*Dor.* The story is too long to tell you now,  
Be satisfied, this is the business; this is the Masque  
Has kept me from you.

*Bell.* He's tender of my honour, though he's [Aside.]  
Cruel to my Love.

*Lov. it.* Was it no idle Mistress then?

*Dor.* Believe me a Wife, to repair the  
Ruines of my estate that needs it.

*Lov. it.* The knowledge of this makes my Grief  
Hang lighter on my soul; but I shall never more be happy.

*Dor.* Bellinda!

*Bell.* Do not think of clearing your self with me, it is  
Impossible——Do all men break their words thus?

*Dor.* Th' extravagant words they speak in love;  
'Tis as unreasonable to expect we should perform all we  
Promise then, as do all we threaten when we are angry——  
When I see you next——

*Bell.* Take no notice of me and I shall not hate you.

*Dor.* How came you to Mrs. *Lov. it*?

*Bell.* By a mistake the Chairmen made for want of  
My giving them directions.

*Dor.* 'Twas a pleasant one. We must meet agen.

*Bell.* Never.

*Dor.* Never!

*Bell.* When we do, may I be as infamous as you are false.

*E. Town.* Men of Mr. *Dorimants* character, always  
Suffer in the general opinion of the world.

*Med.* You can make no judgment of a witty man from  
Common fame, considering the prevailing faction, Madam——

*O. Bell.* A Dod he's in the right.

*Med.* Besides 'tis a common error among Women,  
To believe too well of them they know, and  
Too ill of them they don't.

*O. Bell.* A Dod he observes well.

*E. Town.*

*L. Town.* Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr *Dorimant* As civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. *Courtage*.

*Har.* If you would but know him better——

*L. Wood.* You have a mind to know him better!  
Come away—— You shall never see him more——

*Har.* Dear Mother stay——

*L. Wood.* I wo't be consenting to your Ruine——

*Har.* Were my fortune in your power——

*L. Wood.* Your person is.

*Har.* Could I be disobedient I might take it out of Yours and put it into his.

*L. Wood.* 'Tis that you would be at, you Would Marry this *Dorimant*.

*Har.* I cannot deny it! I would, and never will Marry any other man.

*L. Wood.* Is this the Duty that you promis'd?

*Har.* But I will never Marry him against your will——

*L. Wood.* She knows the way to melt my heart. *Aside.*  
Upon your selflight your undoing. *[To Har.]*

*Med.* *[To O. Bell.]* Come, Sir, you have not the heart Any longer to refuse your blessing.

*O. Bell.* A Dod I ha' not—— Rise and God bless you both--- Make much of her *Harry*, she deserves thy kindness——

A Dod sirrah I did not think it had been in thee. *[To Emilia.]*

*Enter Sir Fopling and's Page.*

*Sir Fop.* 'Tis a damn'd windy day! hey Page!  
Is my Perriwig right?

*Page.* A little out of order, Sir!

*Sir Fop.* Pox o' this apartment, it wants an Antichamber To adjust ones self in. Madam! I came from *[To Lovett.]*  
Your house and your Servants directed me hither.

*Lovett.* I will give order hereafter they Shall direct you better.

*Sir Fop.* The great satisfaction I had in the Mail last night Has given me much disquiet since.

*Lovett.* 'Tis likely to give me more than I desire.

*Sir Fop.* What the Devil makes her so reserv'd?  
Am I guilty of an indiscretion, Madam?

*Lovett.* You will be of a great one, if you

Continue



Continue your mistake, Sir.

*Sir Fop.* Something puts you out of humour.

*Loveit.* The most foolish inconsiderable thing that ever did.

*Sir Fop.* Is it in my power?

*Loveit.* To hang or drown it, do one of 'em,  
And trouble me no more.

*Sir Fop.* So fierè Serviteur, Madam—

*Medley* where's *Dorimant*?

*Med.* Me thinks the Lady has not made you those  
Advances to day she did last night, *Sir Fopling*—

*Sir Fop.* Prithee do not talk of her.

*Med.* She would be a bone fortune.

*Sir. Fop.* Not to me at present.

*Med.* How so?

*Sir Fop.* An intrigue now would be but a temptation to me  
To throw away that Vigour on one which I mean shall shortly  
Make my Court to the whole sex in a Ballet.

*Med.* Wisely consider'd, *Sir Fopling*.

*Sir Fop.* No one woman is worth the loss of a Cut in a Caper.

*Med.* Not when 'tis so universally design'd.

*L. Wood.* Mr. *Dorimant*, every one has spoke so much in  
Your behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the wrong.

*Lov.* There's nothing but falsehood and impertinence in  
This world! all men are Villains or Fools; take example from  
My misfortunes. *Bellinda*, if thou would'st be happy, give thy  
Self wholly up to goodness.

*Har. to Loveit.* ] Mr. *Dorimant* has been your God  
Almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another—

*Lov.* Jeer'd by her! I will lock my self up in my house,  
And never see the world again.

*Har.* A Nunnery is the more fashionable place for such a  
Retreat, and has been the fatal consequence of many a  
Belle passion.

*Lov.* Hold heart! till I get home! should I answer  
'Twould make her Triumph greater. [Is going out.

*Dor.* Your hand *Sir Fopling*—

*Sir. Fop.* Shall I wait upon you Madam?

*Lov.* Legion of Fools, as many Devils take thee. [Ex. *Lov.*

*Med.* *Dorimant*? I pronounce thy reputation clear—and  
hence—



Henceforward when I would know any thing  
Of woman, I will consult no other Oracle.

*Sir Fop.* Stark mad, by all that's handsome! *Dorimant*  
Thou hast engag'd me in a pretty business.

*Dor.* I have not leasure now to talk about it.

*O. Bell.* Out a pize, what does this man of mode do here agen?

*L. Town.* He'll be an excellent entertainment within Brother,  
And is luckily come to raise the mirth of the Company.

*L. Wood.* Madam, I take my leave of you.

*L. Town.* What do you mean Madam?

*L. Wood.* To go this afternoon part of my way to *Hartly*---

*O. Bell.* A Dod you shall stay and dine first! come we will  
All be good friends, and you shall give Mr. *Dorimant*  
Leaveto wait upon you and your daughter in the Country.

*L. Wood.* If his occasions bring him that way, I have now  
So good an opinion of him, he shall be welcome.

*Har.* To a great rambling lone house, that looks as it were  
Not inhabited, the family's so small; there you'll find my Mother,  
An old lame Aunt, and my self Sir, perch'd up on Chairs at  
A distance in a large parlour; sitting moping like three or  
Four Melancholy Birds in a spacious vollarly—

Does not this stagger your Resolution?

*Dor.* Not at all, Madam! The first time I saw you,  
You left me with the pangs of Love upon me, and this  
Day my soul has quite given up her liberty.

*Har.* This is more dismal than the Country! *Emilia!* pity  
Me, who am going to that sad place. Methinks I hear the  
Hateful noise of Rooks already—Kaw, Kaw, Kaw—  
There's musick in the worst Cry in London!  
My Dill and Cowcumbers to pickle.

*O. Bell.* Sister! knowing of this matter, I hope you  
Have provided us some good Cheer.

*L. Town.* I have Brother, and the Fiddles too—

*O. Bell.* Let 'em strike up then, the young Lady shall  
Have a dance before she Reparts. [Dance.

[After the Dance.  
So now we'll in, and make this an awant wedding day—

And if these honest Gentlemen rejoice, [To the Pitts.

A Dod the Boy has made a happy choice. [Ex. Omnes.

The

## The EPILOGUE by M<sup>r</sup> Dryden.

**M**OST Modern Wits, such monstrous Fools have shewn,  
They seem'd not of heav'n's making but their own.  
Those Nauseous Harlequins in Farce may pass,  
But there goes more to a substantial Ass!  
Something of man must be expos'd to View,  
That, Gallants, they may more resemble you:  
Sir Fopling is a Fool so nicely writ,  
The Ladies wou'd mistake him for a Wit.  
And when he sings, talks lowd, and cocks; wou'd cry,  
I vow methinks he's pretty Company,  
So brisk, so gay, so travail'd, so refin'd!  
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.  
True Fops help Nature's work, and go to school,  
To file and finish god-a-mighty's fool.  
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;  
He's Knight o' th' Shire, and represents ye all.  
From each he meets, he culls what e're he can,  
Legion's his name, a people in a Man.  
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,  
And, rolling o're you, like a Snow-ball grows.  
His various modes from various Fathers follow,  
One taught the Toss, and one the new French Wallow.  
His Sword-knot, this; his Crevat, this design'd,  
And this, the yard long Snake he twirls behind.  
From one the sacred Perriwig he gain'd,  
Which Wind ne're blew, nor touch of Hat profan'd.  
Another's diving Bow he did adore,  
Which with a shog casts all the hair before:  
Till he with full Decorum brings it back,  
And rises with a Water Spaniel shake.  
As for his Songs (the Ladies dear delight)  
Those sure he took from most of you who Write.  
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd,  
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

F I N I S

